

ZION'S HERALD

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FOLLOW IT UP.—The spiritual success of camp-meetings is due to the steady employment of appointed means of grace. There are laws of God's working through His Spirit in the conversion of men, as constant and as sure as those which operate in the material world. There are mechanics celestial, as well as mechanics terrestrial. The truly successful camp-meeting employs all these forms and efforts in a faithful steadfastness that never yields nor desponds. The preacher sets forth the doctrines of the cross with directness and simplicity. He does not deal in generalities, but in specialities. The exhortation follows the sermon, earnest and affecting. The singing is made to tell on the same end. No artistic warblings for the sake of the warble, but straightforward pleadings with God, with the Church, or with sinners, clothed in the might of music and rhythm. The answer to this three-fold appeal is demanded constantly. The altar is filled with seekers of a new or a higher life. The prayer, song, word of exhortation goes on in that selecter circle. The convert is asked to testify, and clinch the bargain his soul is making by his own spoken vow. Thus the work grows and grows. Personal effort joins itself to these deeds of the pulpit and altar, and the whole congregation is leavened with the inspiration of earnest and united effort.

Why should not this work be carried forward at home? Not only in the evening meeting, but in the morning. Why not bend choir, pulpit, and congregation to the direct work of saving souls? It would be an improvement on many a Sunday service if the appeals of the preacher could be put in instant application. If he could get over the false trammels of a propriety which is often neither scriptural nor spiritual, and could bring his earnest pleadings to bear immediately upon his audience; if he could come Sabbath morning from his desk to the altar, and urge the unconverted then and there to manifest a desire for religion, he would find his services greatly improved in spirit and power. May that good old liberty soon return. Till then, let every camp-meeting effort be applied in the evening meetings, in the Sunday-schools, and wherever possible, and the Lord will send abundant increase upon all His churches.

The Nashville Advocate has a very bitter communication from Kentucky concerning union with the M. E. Church, in which it is declared that multitudes would leave their Church if a union was effected. The editor confirms this statement. He says, in reference to Dr. Cobleigh's declaration that multitudes of Southern Methodists desire a union:—

"Instead of multitudes of Southern Methodists wanting a union with the Northern Church, we know multitudes who would leave the Church if such a union was effected; but we do not know half a dozen persons, men, women or children, white or black, who favor such a Utopian project."

The only way is for Dr. Cobleigh's "multitudes" to join our Church. That will leave the other multitudes to stay where they are. He is undoubtedly true as to his neighborhood. The others may be correct as to theirs. Kentucky and Nashville are not likely to breed friends of union; East Tennessee is. But the only union possible for some time to come is to unite individually with us. Our right course is to despise and expel utterly all distinctions between our brethren, give every brother who will go with us the right hand

and both hands of fellowship, and go into the South steadily, cheerfully, boldly. To-day, if such a course were pursued at Nashville, Richmond, and other centres, we should conquer these cities to Christ and Methodism. O for Christian pluck in this our mightiest moment of Southern duty and opportunity!

The French have surrendered to the Prussians. A terrible battle began a week ago last Sunday, and continued till Wednesday, ranging from a score of miles below Chalons to a score above. The Prussians advanced westward in three straight lines, about ten miles apart, from Vitry, Metz, and Verdun. The French were thrown back to the north, and struck in their panic the Belgian frontier. The battle was about seventy-five miles south of Waterloo, and some of the fugitives may have fled north over the very roads their fathers fled south, in their retreat from that field, near sixty years since. The Prince Imperial is said to have gone to Belgium. If so, he passed very near, and if to Brussels, directly over the same roads that his great-uncle rode over in his flight from Wellington. The fight was in the district of Ardennes, in the lower edge of the same forest through which marched the British troops. Byron imagines marching in that fatal morning for the First Napoleon. It is more true now than then, that—

"Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow;
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low."
Thus prophecy repeats itself, and the poetry of one age fits all. The carnage was horrible. The death-struggle of Napoleon has been awful beyond description.

The end of the war is come. On the heel of the Sedan disaster, Napoleon surrendered with all his army to King William. The latter's dispatch announcing it, was as follows:

"A capitulation, whereby the whole army at Sedan are prisoners of war, has just been concluded with Gen. Wimpfen, commanding, instead of Marshal McMahon, who is wounded. The Emperor surrendered himself to me as he has no command, and left everything to the Regent at Paris. His residence I shall appoint after an interview with him, at a rendezvous to be fixed immediately. What a course events, with God's guidance, have taken!"

This concludes a bloody and needless duel. What the effects may be on Napoleon and his dynasty remains yet to be seen. William's haughty assertion that "His residence I shall appoint," bespeaks a determination to exclude him from the throne. This decision may be overruled by other powers and Napoleon allowed to rule if France desires it. If he is permitted to return and rule, his power for the present is as completely broken as was Russia's after Crimea. But if he is as wise as was she, and puts France to school, gets it out of its ignorance and superstition, and makes it into a republic, the lesson, costly as it is, will not have been learned in vain. It is possible ere this is published that his hand in this regeneration has ceased, and that to others will be given the duty of renewing and reviving France.

How much good one good man can destroy when he saps the foundation of the faith, is seen in this testimony of a violent infidel in *The Index*:—

"I once held the five points of Calvinism as tenaciously as John Calvin himself; but when my faith was shaken in the plenary and infallible inspiration of the Bible, as it was first by Dr. Curtis' book on 'The Human Element in Divine Inspiration,' and afterwards by more profound works of criticism, I saw clearly that I had no fulcrum for my lever. The dogma of plenary inspiration is the sheet anchor of orthodoxy; and well the ecclesiastics of England and Scotland understood this, when they laid it down as the substratum article in their national creeds. If the storm is so long and heavy that the keel gives way, the ship is driven upon the rock, and is wrecked. Yes, it is either Evangelical Orthodoxy, as the regular Baptists and Presbyterians have defined it, or Natural Religion. There is no stopping place."

True as God's truth is this declaration, that "Plenary and infallible inspiration is the sheet anchor of orthodoxy." Every teacher should take heed how he loosens faith in that truth of truths. Without the Word of God, there is no guide for the soul through time into eternity. Any weakening of that faith by low views of inspiration, or false views, creates immeasurable harm. There is no stopping place between orthodoxy and free religion, and the Bible is the shibboleth of that distinction,—the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible.

The safe of the Mission Rooms of New York was entered last week, and fifteen thousand dollars in Jersey City war loan bonds, the private property of Dr. Durbin, were taken. The other articles taken were valued at about \$300. The robbers opened the safe without breaking it, and therefore knew the combination key. They also used a mallet and chisel belonging to the building, which they returned to their place. The mallet had a piece broken from it, which was found in the safe. It is probable some one about the premises was tempted above what he could bear, and yielded to this foolish and wicked desire. The officers have recovered all the property, and will make such disclosures as they shall deem proper. The canard of *The N. Y. Herald*, that \$180,000 were stolen, was promptly contradicted. Nothing belonging to the Church was touched, and all that was carried off is returned.

London is learning wisdom. It has a "Free and Open Church Association," whose design is to make the pews free, and to keep the church open every day for individual worship. There are sixty-nine free churches in London, and twenty-six are "open throughout the day for prayer."

All our American churches need to learn this lesson. Every one is closed all the week. It is a wrong custom, and should be abolished. Who will get up an open church association in America?

"What will he do with it?" is the question asked about William and his big game. Sedan, where Napoleon was captured, originated the Sedan chair. Napoleon can take one as a substitute for his French throne. Sedan, the last Napoleon's Waterloo, is only seventy-five miles from Waterloo, the first Napoleon's Sedan.

It is rumored that the Boston Lyceum Bureau has invited Mr. Louis Bonaparte to lecture on Bismarck, this season. Eschines in exile, lectured on his rival and victor, Demosthenes. What more appropriate than Napoleon on Bismarck?

Original and Selected Papers.

A HYMN TO JESUS.

Thee we adore and praise, Almighty Son of the Highest!
Fountain of goodness and light, the manifest love of the Father!
Bringing His marvelous mercy forth to the wandering outcast,
Showing His tender heart, o'erflowing with holy compassion!
Thine was the heaven of heavens, all pure and hallowed before Thee,
Yet Thou didst rest Thy head in the lowly Bethlehem manger.
Thine was the diadem bright of deathless power and dominion;
Thine the kingly mantle, O Lord, of a universe boundless,—
Yet Thou didst wear the scornful crown of thorns and derision,
Wear the purple robe before the mockers of Herod!
Thine was the throne of might, the right-hand throne of the Father,
Yet upon Calvary's Hill the cross was Thy ending triumph-ant!
Mighty and merciful Saviour, the world is bowing before Thee.
Look from Thy shrine of Light, the shrine of Thy holy pavilion,
When Thy ransomed Church is ceaselessly bending to worship
Look on thy children of earth, Thy helpless children, who wander
Through the darkness of night, amid the foot-roads of evil!
Guide them, O mighty Love, to pastures green and refresh-
ing!
Give them, ah, give them to drink of the streams of the river
of mercy,
Till in Thy heavenly house they feast on Thy goodness for-
ever!
Thee we adore and praise, Almighty Son of the Highest!
Fountain of goodness and light, the manifest love of the Father,
Thee the bringer of mercy forth to the wandering outcast,
Thee do we laud with the Holy Jehovah and Spirit Eternal.

NO VIVISECTION OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY REV. DR. WARREN.

The proposal is up again to dismember the Methodist Episcopal Church. In the *Christian Advocate* of Aug. 18th the good policy, if not real necessity, of so doing is elaborately argued by a General Conference officer, and expressly endorsed by the editor.

And what, pray, is the desperate malady, in view of which these counseling physicians justify themselves in suggesting so critical and extreme a remedy as self-dissolution? Has the Church forfeited forever the favor of her King, so that nothing remains to her but to go forth from His presence, like a disgraced Japanese official, and conclude her dishonored career with a solemn *kari kari*? Has she become a Judas, that she should now go and hang herself? O no! Quite the contrary. She has enjoyed only too much of divine favor. She has been too highly prospered. She is becoming, as a result, overgrown. A limit must be set somewhere to her growth, lest she become too great. Everything beyond that limit must be lopped off. If the Church is allowed to go on growing as she has done, she will soon become universal, "ecumenical," and then, though she might be instrumental in spreading Scriptural holiness over all lands, grave evils far more might ensue. First and foremost among these, it is gravely argued, would be the increased liability, that an excessive number of ministers would desire that Scripturally declared "good thing," the office of a bishop, and that other extensively reputed good thing, a General Conference office!

Well, what is the principle upon which this proposed dissolution is to proceed? Is it that of race distinctions? Are we to extrude and disinherit all the representatives of non-Anglo-Saxon races which our short-sighted fathers so inconsiderately gathered into our favored fold? Shall we commence the reduction of our over-full habit as a Church, by ejecting our African, German, Scandinavian and other foreign memberships? If such a reduction had to be made, much might and doubtless would be said in favor of doing it on this principle. The ideal of not a few among us seems to be a Church of pure Yankee blood. But this is not the present proposal.

Is it, then, the principle of natural divisions in the geography of the Church? Is it proposed, for example, to run the dissecting knife down the vertebral lines of the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains, making one Methodist Church for the convenience of the Atlantic Coast, another for the Great Valley and a third for the Pacific Slope? No, that is not it. There is nothing between the Atlantic and Pacific to bar the legitimate growth of the Church. Neither is there any barrier from the Gulf of Mexico to about the 49th parallel, nor again (on the Pacific side of the continent) from 54° 40' to the very Pole. Singularly enough, however, there is a little zone between 49° and 54° 40', "a narrow neck of land," in which the Methodist

Episcopal Church has no business to establish herself. At those particular parallels there are two gaps in the woods, each ornamented with a long row of mile-stones, and these gaps are the limit of legitimate growth for the Methodist Episcopal Church. She may never overpass them, even to unite the territories of adjacent Conferences.

You get the idea, good reader. It is proposed to re-pristinate in a new form the old State-Church principle, *Cujus est regio, ejus est religio*. At present the territory of the Methodist Episcopal Church embraces nearly all of the United States, parts of Europe, Asia and Africa, with a small but important footing in South America. The cool proposition is now made, to lay the map of one political State across this magnificent domain, and to sternly pare off whatever of our Church protrudes beyond the present edges of the superincumbent pattern.

Now as one who also loves this same Methodist Episcopal Church, and whose best years in life thus far have been given to a part of it which it is now proposed to excise, the undersigned has several objections to this new and strange disunionism. And,

First, in his simplicity he has always supposed the apostolic commission, go, disciple all nations, to be as universal as its terms imply. Nor can he now find in either of the evangelists any codicil to Christ's testamentary charge, authorizing the Church, or any branch of it, to transfer to her first handful of inexperienced converts in any nation, the responsibility of evangelizing its remaining millions.

Again, if the Church owes anything to her converts in the way of spiritual oversight and training, it is difficult to see the justice of giving to a part of them this motherly attention, while disinheriting and driving away the remainder, solely for the reason, that in the providence of God they happen to live beyond a certain gap in the woods, ornamented with mile-stones.

Third, the principle, that the limits of a political power are the limits of a Church's legitimate extension, is absurd and mischievous. It was never heard of before the rise of State-Churchism in the sixteenth century. On this principle it would have been necessary to found and separately organize thirteen Methodist Episcopal Churches on our Atlantic coast, had the original thirteen States remained sovereign and independent. According to this teaching, it was not lawful for our Church in 1802 to cross the Mississippi; in 1803 it was lawful for her to sweep westward to the Pacific. On the first of March, 1867, the permissible longitude of the Methodist Episcopal Church was simply from Maine to Oregon; before the end of the month, without the least agency of the Church, it was nearly doubled! Had our Church been born within the bounds of a sister republic, that of San Marino, its permissible area would have been twenty-four square miles, now it is three million three hundred thirty-five thousand five hundred and thirty-eight square miles! Could a more preposterous law of legitimate Church expansion be invented than this?

Fourth, there are whole Conferences of Methodist ministers and laymen outside the bounds of this republic who are just as truly constituent parts of our Church as any inside. They have just as good a claim upon the moral support, which membership in the largest free Church in the world gives, as we have. Many of their laymen have given more *per capita* for the cause than our strongest home Conferences give. Many of their ministers have sacrificed more than any of us have done. They have as good a claim to the proceeds of our great conventional funds as any home Conferences of the same age. They have the same right as others to the blessings of our educational machinery. They are entitled to representation in the General Conference of the Church. Their right to such representation has been authoritatively declared by the highest judicatory in the Church. Why, then, talk of cutting off these Conferences, expelling these loyal brethren, whose only fault is that when others shirked and refused the call of the Church for fresh apostles, these sacrificed all, to go out into the ends of the earth, disciplining all nations? *It cannot be done.* The question of the integrity of the Methodist Episcopal Church and of her independence of varying political boundaries, is a settled question. If before the last General Conference there was a possible doubt as to her indissoluble oneness in all lands, there is none now. The boundaries of the Church are, and must be, as they have been, the boundaries of that enlargement which it may please God to give her. This is a safer and wiser principle upon which to proceed, than any which human wisdom can devise in advance. Meanwhile we deprecate, most earnestly, the public advocacy of schism and ecclesiastical disunionism in the official organs of the Church. It can only embitter the noble pioneers of our mission work, alienate the outlying sections of our Zion, and paralyze us as a great working force in the widening kingdom of Christ.

A MORNING ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE.

The day previous had been stormy. And though at the time a sore disappointment,—as was evident from the dismal way in which our party huddled shivering round the fire in the Tip Top House, unable to see ten yards through the dense fog,—like other afflictions it proved in

the end a blessing. The morning was all the finer for the rain and hail which descended so pitilessly the afternoon before. And yet when we rose at half past three, the clouds had not all departed. They were fiercely flying before the northeast wind, and the full moon high riding in the heavens seemed to struggle hard for a place to shine. It was bitter cold. But when at intervals the scudding spray which cloaked and choked us, lifted, affording glimpses of the lowlands still wrapped in slumber, we thought we had never seen anything half so beautiful. It was only a taste of the coming feast. The eastern horizon, though obscured every now and then by the drifting mist, soon became almost clear. And so, seeking shelter from the piercing blast, beside the summer-house, we eagerly watched for the sun. By four o'clock indications of his approach had largely increased. The faint streaks of yellowish red broadened and multiplied; the color grew more intense; rays of light shot up toward the zenith; it was bright all around the sky. At length the first flash from his upper limb struck our waiting eyes. It greeted very fast. Shortly a hemi-circle was in view, and within a few minutes the full disc shone resplendent above the mountains. The king of day seemed to come from his chamber with a vigorous bound, like one rejoicing in his strength and ready for the race. The mist that still hung round detracted nothing from the effect, but rather heightened it. We could look steadily at the great luminary thus kindly veiling his too brilliant beams, and the immense folds of vapor as they rolled up between him and us, a sulphurous canopy, added materially to the glorious scene. A large dark cloud just over the sun also exhibited some fine effects of changing colors, the reds mingling with the grays, and both wrestling together for the victory. On the whole, a finer sunrise, we all agreed, was rarely witnessed. And the chief delights were still in store.

Before long the wind, going at race-horse speed, had driven all the clouds away, exhausting even the reservoirs of the air, and then, O then, what a picture burst upon us! It was a magical panorama, which we held in our ravished vision with a delight as boundless as the prospect. Describe it? It baffles all power of portrayal. Were we paid for our toil and trouble and hours of weary waiting? The question seems an impertinence. That wonderful view—O memory, keep it ever in closest custody; imagination, exert your utmost skill and paint it anew each day—was recompense for thrice the outlay. It was sublime in the truest sense. What an ocean of mountains, spread out, wave after wave, rank upon rank, as far as the eye can reach. The diversity of contour and height is perfectly bewildering. Here, close beside us, tower in grand proportions the noble peaks of Adams, Jefferson, and Madison, perpetual companions to their chief. To the west, highest of the Franconia range, rises Lafayette, covered now with a fair white cloud as though not yet awakened from sleep. And further off on the horizon, Moose Hill and Mount Mansfield keep guard over green Vermont. Far away to the South, just outlined dimly against the blue, we can see Monadnock, and nearer, right in front, Chocoma's sharp summit, whose neighbor, Kearsage, on his rounder pate, carries the burden of a house. And so on every side these mighty hills, now bare and seamed with unsightly gullies, now clothed in lovely tapestry of green and brown, some famous, others never honored with a name, of shapes and sizes numberless, filled us with amazement.

And then the valleys! If the mountains are the types of true sublimity, these are images of serene repose; if the one awes and subdues, the other rests and refreshes. He who has seen this beautiful Conway valley, filled with farms and forests, villages and ponds, among which, winding slowly down, the Saco takes its way to the sea, can never, never forget it. And hardly less lovely is the valley of the Androscoggin, bending far about to encompass Mount Hayes, its gem-like waters flashing in the sunlight bordered with verdure. To the north, a broader interval, holding many towns, spreads richly out and stretches away to the Connecticut. Further to the west flows the charming Ammonoosuc, fairest of all from some points of view, but not seen here to best advantage.

But stop, we have almost been led into the unpardonable presumption of attempting to describe the prospect. We intended only to note a few prominent features of that morning's happy experience. One of them was the view of the sea which we were so favored as to obtain with unusual success. Yes, the Atlantic Ocean at Portland, seventy-five miles away, as the crow flies, there it was, too plainly desecrated to be doubted by the most skeptical; there it was, close against the horizon, whiter and brighter than the clouds, gleaming in the morning sun. With joy we hailed it, the glorious sea, emblem of that eternity toward which our thoughts were lifted.

It was delightful also to watch the shadows. First and greatest of all, the shadow of Mount Washington itself, outlined clear and huge on a triangle of blackness, stretching far along over the lower hills, and then, as the sun ascended, slowly contracting and withdrawing in a dignified manner till all had disappeared. The other mountains, too, cast shadows of every conceivable figure; and the clouds floating along, threw down patches of dark upon the waving green of the silent pines.

Then, best of all, perhaps, these cloud shadows afforded us inexhaustible resources of entertainment. We

secured a sheltered nook among the rocks and studied them long; not now as one of the little earth-worms looking up to them from far below and wondering what they were like, but as a near neighbor and close companion. We found that he who views them in their home, while missing some of the enchantment that distance lends, discovers other and not inferior beauties. "Swift ships of the firmament" indeed they seemed as they flew past, the lighter ones, driven with tremendous velocity by the hurrying wind. Others, more ponderous, moved majestically with slow and stately march, like an army pressing to the onset in solid column. Some were enormously high, brightly capped way up in the ether, with deep white breasts, darkening gradually down to blackness on the lower fringes. Others were soft and fleecy, and as they went to pieces, impinging on some mountain summit, scattered into little flocks of sheep. Most of the clouds, such was the direction of the wind, came up a deep valley lying to the west of the mountain; and the effect, as they appeared in sight just round the corner of the rock where we were sheltered, was frequently novel in the extreme. Sometimes they were pouring along in dense folds, rolling over and over as if a gigantic battle were taking place below, and they were the smoke of a thousand cannon; again they would appear mere like armies in swift pursuit. And so the endless procession passed on. Now a cloud of unusual size, projected at just the right elevation, would strike the rocks where we were, and then we could see nothing, but were wrapped in a cold, wet vapor, wholly uncomfortable. Again, we would be in a clear space between two such formidable masses. Many of these huge things, as they journeyed on, would strike a warmer current of air, and so float peacefully away with gradually diminishing volume. The lower summits of the range were frequently covered with sheets of white foam, fit table-cloth for the celestials, while we were untouched; and then again, through the cloud-bastions and pillars that surrounded us, would open long vistas of beauty into the peaceful valleys beneath. As one watched the ever-shifting movements of these dwellers in the upper air, it was easy to hold communion with Him "who maketh the clouds His chariot, who walketh upon the wings of the wind." One could hardly help returning from such scenes to the lower walks of life both better and wiser, filled with a fresh sense of man's feebleness, God's greatness, and impressed with the wisdom of trusting in the mighty arm that piled these granite hills.

Go to Mount Washington. And when you go, may you have as pleasant a morning there as that with which a kind Providence favored us.

THE FARMER.—We see the farmer with pleasure and respect, when we think what powers and utilities are so meekly worn. He knows every secret of labor: he changes the face of the landscape. Put him on a new planet, and he would know where to begin; yet there is no arrogance in his bearing, but a perfect gentleness. The farmer stands well on the world. Plain in manners as in dress, he would not shine in palaces; he is absolutely unknown and inadmissible therein; living or dying, he shall never be heard of in them; yet the drawing-room heroes put down beside him would shrivel in his presence—he solid and unexpressive, they expressed to gold leaf. But he stands well on the world—as Adam did, as an Indian does, as Homer's heroes, Agamemnon or Achilles, do. He is a person whom a poet of any clime—Milton, Firdusi, or Cervantes—would appreciate as being really a piece of the old Nature, comparable to sun and moon, rainbow and flood; because he is, as all natural persons are, representative of Nature as much as these. That uncorrupted behavior which we admire in animals and in young children belongs to him; to the hunter, the sailor—the man who lives in the presence of Nature. Cities force growth, and make men talkative and entertaining, but they make them artificial. What possesses interest for us is the natural of each, his constitutional excellence. This is forever a surprise, engaging and lovely; we cannot be satiated with knowing it, and about it; and it is this which the conversation with Nature cherishes and guards. —Emerson.

GREAT CIRCLE "TRAVEL."—It is not known by everybody, though perhaps most people have been told of it several times, that for all purposes of navigation, Puget Sound is nearer the great Asiatic marts than is San Francisco. Even if the vessels going out from the Golden Gate took their course direct for Hong Kong or Shanghai, they would, by reason of the longer degrees of latitude farther south, scarcely have less sailing than by bending round more to the north. But, in point of fact, the prevailing winds and ocean currents of the Pacific are such that vessels from Asia find their most eligible route bringing them within fifty miles of the entrance to Puget Sound; thus making by the Northern Pacific, when completed, a saving of nearly a thousand miles of ocean navigation. This, added to the diminution of distance overland already alluded to, gives us a route from our Eastern cities to the coast of Asia shorter than any other by about fifteen hundred miles. When this road shall be in successful operation, the time required to reach the Pacific Coast by means of it from New York City will not exceed about four days, allowing an average rate of movement of thirty miles an hour. Thence to Shanghai, in China, the voyage will occupy eighteen to nineteen days, at the mean rate of twelve miles an hour; making twenty-two to twenty-three days in all from New York, a less time than is now occupied in making the voyage by the way of the Isthmus to San Francisco. —Dr. Geo. M. Steele in "Old and New."

AUTUMN EVE.

BY REV. E. S. STANLEY.

All Nature's life and king of grace
Hung calmly in the western skies,
Perpetual love shone on his face,
Eternal fires beamed from his eyes.

His golden light and royal blue
Gave robes of glory to the scene;
On either hand, of gorgeous hue,
Great palaces of cloud are seen.

Man's cup of life with bliss he fills,
Then, darting glances of his grace,
Kisses the verdure, trees and hills
And, laughing, hides his blushing face.

He clothes his queen with silvered light,
And bids the stars to fill her train,
Crowns her to rule the solemn night
Till he shall break the morn again.

Our chariot world flies on its course
A hundred miles as quick as thought,
Held by his great magnetic force,
No fear to human hearts is brought.

Good mothers, with love's numerous cares,
Enjoy the sweet relief of night;
With baths for children and their prayers,
They kiss "good-by" till morning light.

Merchants rejoice to close the store,
And, weary with the pains of trade,
Delight to watch rich autumn pour
Her glories on the evening shade.

The sunburnt tiller of the soil
Reclines beside his cottage door,
And smiles to see the fruit of toil
Sufficient for his winter's store.

Mechanics from their work have ceased,
And found at home, with children fair,
The faithful wife and supper feast
On what the farmer has "to spare."

Boys from a prison-life in mills
Stroll off to find the apples fair,
With pockets full, from plain or hills,
They with the pale-faced maidens share.

Upon the deep and swelling seas,
Beamed, the hopeful sailors come,
All anxious for the hastening breeze
To wait them to their longed-for home.

While most are resting in the scene,
This is the artist's hour of care;
His skillful hands display the sheen
The God of Nature makes her wear.

Such quiet reigns, no leaflet stirs,
You hear the breathing of the herds,
The frightened partridge as it whirs,
Your thoughts are almost living words.

The forests of a thousand hues,
Made grand with God's own pencil ray,
Grow darker by the falling dews,
While waning light now faints away.

The birds we love are in their nests
That they were taught to build of yore,
The glassy lake sleeps on the breasts
It laves,—the ever tranquil shore.

Here, Nature's summer toil is o'er,
There, with the ever-beaming sun,
She quick applies her hands to more,
Her "woman's work is never done."

We sit upon our rolling world,
Serene as angels float in light,
And through the shaded space are hurled
While heaven's wonders greet the sight.

Earth turns her face without a care
To the dark wall of night for rest,
To sleep on God's great lap of air,
While we repose upon her breast.

Each watching star mounts to its place,
With love their ceaseless vigils keep,
Smile just enough of light and grace
That all may see to dream and sleep,—

Dream of the rich and sweet delights
To all earth's creatures freely given,
And of the grander, rapturous sights
To greet each holy soul in heaven.

Let autumn's snowy frosts appear,
Old winter's march of death may roll,
If there shall spring another year
Of endless summer for the soul.

"Now, my little boys and girls," said a teacher, "I want you to be very quiet—so quiet that you can hear a pin drop." In a minute all was silent, when a little boy shrieked, "Let her drop!"

The last case of indolence is that of a man named John Hole, who was so lazy that, in writing his name, he simply used the letter "J," and then pinched a hole through the paper.

***ADVICE TO YOUNG MINISTERS.**—A minister somewhat in years, awhile ago sent the following quaint epistle to a younger brother in the ministry. It may be good for others.

DEAR BROTHER,—I sometimes write to young men because they are strong. Remember—

1. That human happiness, like Hebrew verbs, has no present tense.

2. That human friendship, like glass, is easily broken; but not easily mended.

3. When you know not what to do, never do you know not what.

4. Never covet high places, where 'tis difficult to stand and dangerous to fall. We never find the Saviour on the pinnacle of the temple but once. What company had he there?

5. Be no respecter of great personages as such. Remember the figure 9, though the highest number, owes its consequence, not to its head, but to its curved appendage, without that it would be 0.

6. Desire no rapid growth. When the clock has struck 12, it does not strike 13 next. The full moon grows no larger.

7. Be not over hasty to combat public opinion without pressing reason. He that spits against the wind, spits in his own face.

8. Never scare off a fly with a club, when a feather will do as well; and remember that you can take more flies with a gill of molasses than with a gallon of vinegar.

9. Avoid debt. He that pays down, will not be called upon to pay up.

10. Ministers must not only eat their bread by the sweat of their brow, but by the sweat of their brains.

11. Let not your sermons be like a serpent, smallest at the last end, but rather like the scorpion, whose sting is in its tail.

12. Have special care of those members who were born in a storm, as they are prone to want a storm to live in.

13. Never forget that a minister's work is to break hard hearts, and to mend broken ones.

14. I began with a verb; I will conclude with a case. May you never be found in the accusative, and never come out in the vocative.

THE DEVIL A DILIGENT PREACHER.—There is one that passes all the others, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you—it is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all others. He is never out of his diocese; he is never from his cure; you shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keeps residence at all times; you shall never find him out of the way; call for him when you will, he is ever at home. He is the most diligent preacher in all the realm; he is ever at his plough; no lordling nor loitering can hinder him; he is ever applying his business; you shall never find him idle, I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolatry, to teach all kinds of popery. He is ready as can be wished for to set forth his plough; to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the devil is resident and has his plough going, there away with books and up with candles; away with Bibles and up with beads; away with the light of the Gospel and up with the light of candles, yea, at noonday. Where the devil is resident, that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry—censing, painting of images, candles, palms, ashes, holy water, and new service of men's inventing; as though man could invent a better way to honor God with than God himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross, up with purgatory pickpurses, up with him, the popish purgatory, I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor, and impotent; up with decking of images, and gay garnishing of stocks and stones; up with man's traditions and his laws; down with God's traditions and his most holy Word. Down with the old honor due to God, and up with the new god's honor. Let all things be done in Latin; there must be nothing but Latin, not so much as "Remember, man, that thou art ashes, and unto ashes shalt thou return," which are the words that the minister speaketh unto the ignorant people when he gives them ashes upon Ash Wednesday, but it must be spoken in Latin. God's Word may in no wise be translated into English. —Latimer's Sermon on the Plough.

PERSONAL COMMENTS ON SCRIPTURE.

"This do in remembrance of me."—Luke xii. 10.

PERSONAL COMMENT.—"I cannot believe as Romanists do about the real presence, when I consider the words, 'In remembrance of me.' Memory has to do with the past, with an absent friend. To eat and drink in remembrance of one who is actually present before one's eyes, is an absurdity."—Dr. Cumming.

"Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief."—Mark ix. 24.

PERSONAL COMMENT.—"Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the vastness of the universe in comparison with the apparent insignificance of this globe, has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith which is in me; but my heart has always assured and reassured me that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a Divine reality. The Sermon on the Mount cannot be the mere human production. This belief enters into the very depth of my conscience. The whole history of man proves it."—Daniel Webster's epitaph.

"It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."—Luke xviii. 25.

PERSONAL COMMENT.—"Often, as the motley reflexes of my experience move in long procession of manifold groups before me, the distinguished and world-renowned company of Christian mammonists appears to the eye of my imagination as a drove of camels, heavily laden, yet at full speed, and each in the confident expectation of passing through the eye of the needle, without stop or halt, both beast and baggage."—Coleridge.—The Occident.

For the Children.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

Thy child to-day
Is with the angels,
Who in bright array
Gave her glad welcome,
From a world of sin;
Opened the pearly gates,
And bid her enter in.

Not lost — ah, no!
For Christ, who loved her so,
His own life gave,
Thy child's to save;
To her the bliss of heaven
By death was given,
The grave a passage out of night,
Into the glory of celestial light.

Not lost, but gone before —
From out the sinless shore
Soundeth forever more
This sweet refrain:
To ease thy heart of pain
The loved of earth shall meet,
Shall meet again.

Thy missing lambs are there
Safe 'neath the Shepherd's care,
Waiting and watching pure and free
To welcome thee, to welcome thee.

JOHN B. GOODWIN.

THE LITTLE ANCHOR.

About fifty years ago, there lived in Marblehead, Mass., a God-fearing sea-captain, named Richard Girdler, who sought to make his vessel a place of prayer, and who trusted in God amid the perils of the mighty deep.

One night, he was called upon to take charge of the brig *Farnsworth*, in which he had sailed to Antwerp the preceding April, and which was now laden and lying in the stream, all ready for another voyage.

Having arranged matters with the owners, Captain Girdler went on board the brig next morning, and found everything ready, with one exception. In his opinion, before starting on so long a voyage, the vessel needed another hawser and a kedge, which, as our sea-faring readers know, is a small anchor, not intended for security from storm, but to be used in calm weather, to steady the vessel, or by carrying it off to a distance in a boat, to "warp" or move a ship to another position when wind and tide do not serve. He laid the matter before the owners, and received orders to procure a kedge, and go back to Marblehead and obtain a suitable hawser for it.

The kedge was easily found, but he could not get such a hawser as he wanted in all Marblehead, and there was no rope-walk there long enough to "lay" or twist one, and the weather was too rainy to do it out of doors. But he would not go without his hawser, and was finally obliged to have it laid in two galls, or pieces, of sixty fathoms each, which, when joined together, made a strong hawser of one hundred and twenty fathoms, or seven hundred and twenty feet in length.

Thus provided, the *Farnsworth* cleared from the port of Boston for Liberia, October 3d, 1826, and sailed on her destined voyage. During the passage, the service of God was not forgotten; family worship was regularly maintained when the weather would permit, and all who could be spared from duty were invited to attend; though two of the crew, who were Roman Catholics, would not accept the invitation.

About the first of December, 1826, the *Farnsworth* reached the bay of Gibraltar, and came to anchor, and remained there some days, with hundreds of other vessels that were moored in the bay. On the sixth of the month, the weather looked threatening, and a gale seemed approaching. They made such preparations as they could for the fearful encounter — all the anchors were over, the small bower, and the best bower; and the little kedge, with the whole new hawser of a hundred and twenty fathoms, was carried out, and everything was made trim and snug for the coming storm.

They had not long to wait. The wind freshened; at nine o'clock in the evening, the gale burst upon them with tremendous power, and at eleven o'clock it blew a perfect hurricane. Not less than three hundred vessels, of all climes and descriptions, had found anchorage there, and the effect of such a gale among them may be imagined: Cables parted, anchors dragged, rigging was torn, and rent, and swept away, vessels drifted hither and thither, like corks upon the water, dashing against each other and upon the shore, and consternation and dismay were on every countenance.

At a quarter past eleven o'clock, the *Farnsworth* parted her small bower, and began to drift with the hurricane; soon her best bower followed, and away went the trig before the wind. Up to this time, most of the vessels had gone on to the neutral ground; some of them little injured, some bilged, some disabled, some crushed by the collisions caused by the roll of larger vessels, and all in an imminent peril, with death and destruction stalking wildly through the storm.

Just at this time, the danger seemed to increase; for the wind had shifted, and the *Farnsworth* was drifting directly towards the massive mole, against whose rocky side it seemed that it must crash, beyond hope of escape. A little eastern of her, a ship from New York had already been dashed in pieces upon the rocks; and distinctly visible, through the surrounding gloom, lashed by the fury of the winds, roared the white breakers, which seemed to every

one on board to be weaving for them a sailor's winding-sheet.

What now could be done? No skill could avail, no human arm could save them; and He who hushed the brute waves of Gennesaret with His word, walked not upon the dark waters to quiet their tumultuous rage. Refuge failed them, and they could only prepare to meet their impending fate.

Shrinking from their awful doom, they raised their cries to God, and besought the captain to pray with them. On the very verge of destruction, they all kneeled upon the deck, while above the voice of deep calling unto deep, arose the captain's cry to Him that was mighty to save. And he was heard. He who once slept in the hinder part of the vessel, and awoke to save His disciples from the yawning waves, had a care for this ship, where His word was trusted and His name adored; and when they arose from their knees, they found, to their amazement, that their ship, which had been driven from her moorings when held by three anchors, was now heading towards the wind, and riding securely, held only by her little kedge — the smallest of the whole!

At midnight, the gale abated; but the morning light disclosed a fearful scene. The "neutral ground" was packed with ill-fated vessels, piled one upon another in terrible confusion. Some had gone directly upon the rocks, and been dashed in pieces there; and of three hundred vessels that were riding quietly at anchor the day before, not more than fifty remained unharmed. The rest were either wrecked or more or less injured; four hundred seamen had perished in the gale; and the shore of Gibraltar was strewn with the fragments of wrecked vessels and the bodies of the dead.

But how did the *Farnsworth* escape? She was drifting rapidly on to the rocks, and her two strongest cables and heaviest anchors were gone. How was the vessel saved from impending ruin?

The captain sent out a boat, and got up his anchors; but when he came to heave up his little kedge, he found it almost impossible to raise it. Slowly and wearily they toiled to heave it up; and when it came under the vessel's bow, they saw, with wonder, that the fluke of the little kedge was hooked into the ring of a huge old Spanish anchor, that weighed more than three thousand pounds!

Forty-four years before, in September, 1782, a Spanish flotilla attacked Gibraltar, and Governor Elliot, who was then in command there, poured a storm of red hot shot upon them, burning, sinking, and destroying their fleet. This may have been one of their anchors; it may not; no one but God knows who put it there, and none but He knew where it lay. He knew all about it, and "He knoweth how to deliver the godly" out of danger and temptation.

He would not suffer Captain Girdler to go to sea without his kedge. A large anchor would not answer; it must be a little kedge, just large enough to steady a vessel while lying in the stream, and small enough so that the fluke of it would enter the ring of that old Spanish anchor; and it must be fastened to a new cable, strong enough to hold the brig amid the fury of the gale. God knew all about it, and He knew just when to shift the wind to bring the kedge where the old anchor was, and so deliver them from death by the very means that seemed to portend a more swift destruction.

Truly, God beareth prayer; and those sailors thought so; for the two who had refused to join in worship at the family altar now refused no more, being convinced that God had heard and answered Captain Girdler's prayers.

The facts above stated are believed to be authentic; most of them were published in *The Youth's Companion* in Boston, for April 30th, 1848, and the names, dates of clearance, etc., were furnished us from the records of the Boston Custom House, and, of course may be relied on as correct. — Protestant Churchman.

HOW HENRY WARD CAUGHT HIS FIRST FISH.

O, that blessed day!

What day was that? Fourth of July? General training-day? Thanksgiving? Christmas? None of all these. Far more important to our heart was the day when we first went a-fishing alone!

Whether we had permission we cannot at this late period certainly determine. We presume, from the recollection of no anxiety, and from the distinct remembrance of general exhilaration, that we had a dispensation on that day to roam.

There is a vague impression, too, of digging worms, of putting a piece of twine on to a pole. Then went we forth eastward toward the river Bantam. Now the river Bantam was to our young heart what the Jordan was to a good and patriotic Jew. It was the chief stream in our neighborhood. It was the chief resort for swimming purposes. For, though it was hardly knee-deep, and in many places easily jumped across, yet there were pools, and notably one, called "Lord's Hole" (doubtless from a Litchfield family of the name of Lord), where a small boy could go in "over head." It was one of those clear brooks — a mere brook, which mostly brawls over pebble-stones, now and then widening into quite a sheet, and then, like men who have been too generous, growing narrow again, and deep. Along its banks grew alder-bushes in abundance, and here and there great trees reached their branches over the stream and watched themselves in the water below.

Not a great way above Lord's Hole was the "old saw-mill"; not that there was then a mill there, or even a mill-dam, but tradition said that there had been one, and the legend was probable, inasmuch as two steep banks on either side, sloping up some twenty feet, seemed to have formed the wings of a dam; and the water made a fall as if, underneath, there were the remains of some obstruction.

On the blessed day above mentioned, a barefooted boy might have been seen on a June afternoon, with his alder pole on his shoulder, tripping through the meadow, where dandelions and wild geraniums were in bloom, and steering for the old saw-mill. As soon as the meadow was crossed,

the fence scaled, and a descent begun, all familiar objects were gone, and the overpowering consciousness of being alone set one's imagination into a dance of fear. Could we find our way back? What if a big bull should come out of those bushes? What if a great big man should come along and carry us off? To a six-year-old boy these were very serious matters. And nothing could have so well tested the eagerness of our purpose as perseverance under these soul-bewildering suggestions. For realities, in after life, are seldom so impressive as imaginations are in early life. A child's fears are cruel. They are to him the signs of absolute realities, and he is quite unable to reason on them, and is helpless to repel or to endure them. The fears of our own childhood constitute a chapter in mental philosophy.

But no sooner did we see the sparkle of the water than our soul grew calm again, and happy.

Now, for the first time in our lives, we put on a worm. We threw in the hook, and trembled all over with the excitement!

The hook and bait fell upon the wrinkled water, went quietly down the stream, and swept in near the shore, where some projecting stone roofed over a little pool. Out of that pool our little eyes saw something dart, and our little hands all a-tremble felt something pull. In an instant, with a spasm of energy, we drew back the line, there was a flash in the air, a wiggling flash, and something smote the rocky, gravelly bank behind. Scrambling up, we found a shiner, but alas, smashed to pieces! Soon another and another fared in like manner, and it was long before we could subdue our nerves, so as not to dash the fish to pieces. Our courage grew every moment. What did we care if there was a bull in the bushes? What if a beggar man should come along? What if a great black dog should — but that thought was a little too serious. Black dogs were terrors not to be lightly thought of, even by a six-year-old urchin who had caught fish, alone, too! And so, gathering up two roach and three shiners, we started home. Up the sloping hill we ran, till our father's house shone out from among the trees, and then, with the dignity and nonchalance of a conqueror, we prepared to make a triumphal entrance. But here, as often happens in the reminiscences of our childhood, the vision fails. We can recollect nothing of our reception. Since then we have fished in many a stream and lake, and in the deep sea — but never with a half the exhilaration of that first joyful hour upon the Bantam!

Not even there, again, would the fire be rekindled! For, not long after, taking a younger brother, to be a marvellous witness of our success, we went again to the old saw-mill. The air was disenchanted. The roads and bushes had no spirit in them. The brook gurgled and rushed. We caught our fish, a few, but without craze, and came solemnly home, wondering what the reason could be that the first time could be had but once!

Since then we have seen many grown-up boys seeking to reproduce first sensations and to make novelties perpetual. But each day must provide its own first times. Those of yesterday are shrunk and faded. — *The Christian Union*.

FROM HERE AND THERE.

"I say, captain," exclaimed an impatient traveller on board a steamboat lying in a fog, "are you not going to start soon?" "As soon as the fog clears up," replied the captain. "Well, it's starlight now overhead," said the man. "O, yes; but we are not going that way."

"If any one speaks ill of thee," said Epictetus, "consider whether he hath truth on his side, and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee." When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Ah!" said he, "then I must learn to sing better." Plato, being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, said, "It is no matter; I shall live so that none will believe them." Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him, he said, "I am sure he would not do it if he had not some reason for it." This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny.

LIFE'S HAPPIEST PERIOD. — There is no pleasure that I have experienced like a child's midsummer holiday — the time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinners with us, and come home at night, tired, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a great nosegay, three little trout, and one shoe, the other having been used for a boat till it had gone down with all hands out of soundings. How poor our Derby days, our Greenwich dinners, our evening parties, where there are plenty of nice girls, after that! Depend upon it a man never experiences such pleasure or grief after fourteen years as he does before, unless, in some cases, in his first love-making, when the sensation is new to him.

KINGSLEY.

"When He ariseth to shake terribly the earth." We witness then a display of no decrepit vigor. According to Sir Charles Lyell the earthquake of 1822, which ran along the same coast that now is quivering from a greater shock, lifted bodily a tract of land of a hundred thousand square miles, and permanently fixed it at a height of from two to seven feet above that it occupied before. He calculates the amount of force requisite for such an upheaval. If the Great Pyramid of Egypt were solid rock, it would weigh six million tons. He estimates that the mineral mass added to the visible continent was equal to more than a hundred thousand pyramids, or six thousand million tons; and reckoning down to the foci of the forces, supposing they were only two miles in depth, the quantity moved would be equivalent to three hundred and sixty-three million pyramids. Before such a burden how impotent would be those proud mechanics of the ancient East! But the recent convulsion thrilled with its terrific pulse a region twice as large as was elevated then. And was it a hard task for God? "He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth. He toucheth the hills, and they smoke." — *The Congregationalist*.

Dr. Chalmers was wont to say, "A *house-going* minister makes a *church-going* people; as the people are sure to acknowledge the courtesy of returning the minister's week day visits by their Sabbath-day attendance."

The "Waters Camp" is on an old ground where for sixty-five years or more the people have gathered for worship. A few years have been missed, but almost yearly the tribes have gone thither to worship. There, forty-two years ago, Saule, Bascomb, Finley, Monocne, and Between-the-Logs were in attendance. The venerable trees seemed all atwirl with sacred memories. Here were 200 tents.

The moment a man gives way to inordinate desires, disquietude and torment take possession of the heart. The proud and the covetous are never at rest, but the humble and poor in spirit possess their souls in the plenitude of peace.

Gate and Style.—Coming into court one day, Erskine perceived the ankle of Mr. Balfour, who generally expressed himself in a very circumlocutory manner, tied up with a silk handkerchief. "Why, what's the matter?" said Erskine. "I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's grounds," replied Balfour, "when coming to a gate, I had to climb over it, by which I came in contact with the first bar, and grazed the epidermis of my leg, which has caused a slight extravasation of blood." "You may thank your lucky stars," said Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not as lofty as your *style*, or you must have broken your neck."

A clergyman, who enjoys the substantial benefits of a fine farm, was slightly "taking down," a few days ago, by his ploughman, who was sitting on his plough, in a corn-field, resting his horse. The reverend gentleman, being an economist, said, with great seriousness, "John, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a good stub scythe here, and be cutting a few bushes along the fence while the horse is resting a short time?" "Wouldn't it be well, sir," said John, with quite as serious a countenance as the divine wore himself, "for you to have a tub of potatoes in the pulpit, and when they are singing, to peel 'em awhile to be ready for the pot?" The reverend gentleman laughed heartily, and went on his way.

EDWARD EVERETT. Mrs. Lydia Maria Child tells the following anecdote of Edward Everett:—

When Mr. Everett was preparing a lecture or address, he is said to have been in the habit of arranging everything very carefully beforehand. When about to deliver a speech at Lexington, in commemoration of the battle on the 19th of April, 1775, he inquired whether any one who had fought on that occasion was still living. Being informed that one old man survived, he called upon him, and after some conversation concerning the events of the Revolution, he said: "In my address I shall make an allusion to those who fought at the battle of Lexington. I want you to sit in front of me, and when I begin to allude to those heroes I want you to stand up." The old soldier obeyed his instructions; but as soon as he arose from his seat, Mr. Everett extended his arm, as the statue now does, and exclaimed, "Sit down, venerable sir! It is for us to stand in your presence." The aged man obeyed the direction, but in the simplicity of his heart he was quite bewildered by such contradictory orders. He had no idea how effects were produced in oratory, and he afterward said to a friend, "I don't know what Mr. Everett meant; first he told me to get up; and then, when I got up, he told me to sit down."

ADDRESS FROM THE COMMITTEES OF THE LONDON AND AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETIES TO THE FRIENDS OF PEACE.

DEAR FRIENDS: That which we have long feared has come upon the nations. The system of armed peace which the Governments of Europe have insisted on maintaining has issued, as such a system could not fail sooner or later to do, in open war between the two powers which had most distinguished themselves by the excess of their warlike preparations. The conflict which has now commenced will, beyond doubt, prove to be one of the most awful in the history of the world. It will involve an incalculable destruction of human life and property, will fill myriads of hitherto happy homes with horror and anguish, will drange those beneficent ties of commerce by which mankind are bound to each other, will arrest the progress of liberty and civilization, will envenom men's spirits by evil passions, and will make the very name of Christianity — the religion of mercy and brotherly love — for the time a mockery in the earth.

But while overwhelmed with sorrow at this terrible event, we at least can look upon it with a conscience free from remorse. For many years we have not ceased, to the extent of our abilities and opportunities, in our endeavors to impress upon Governments and peoples the duty of using the lucid intervals of peace in adopting means which would give some guarantee to the nations against so dire a calamity as that which has now overtaken them. Far from having proclaimed, as we are sometimes mistakenly accused of doing, an approaching millennium of universal peace, our voice, on the contrary, has been one of constant deprecation and warning, on the ground that there was no security for peace while Europe was incessantly preparing for war, and while the nations were content to leave the continuance of peace at the mercy of the excited passions and hazardous accidents of the moment. Therefore it is that we have been strenuously contending, first, for a mutual and simultaneous reduction of those enormous armaments, which, kept up professedly in the interests of peace, are the most dangerous incentive to war; and, secondly, for the establishment of a Court of Arbitration, or some form of international jurisdiction, by which the differences of nations could be referred to the decision of reason and justice, instead of prejudice and passion. If there be any who doubt the efficacy of these means, will they suggest some means more efficacious, or are we to abandon mankind in despair to the eternal rule of barbarism and brute force?

What now, dear friends, remains for us to do? Unhappily, in these countries, which are the actual seat of war, the voice of justice, reason, and religion is stifled, for that is the only condition on which war can be prosecuted. Our excellent fellow-laborers in the cause of peace on the Continent, have not been wanting to their principles and convictions at this

awful crisis. Consistently and courageously, even on the very arena of warlike agitation, have they, in every way that was open to them, uttered bold and eloquent protests against the war. But while it may be difficult for them to persevere in that course — for war is the most oppressive of tyrants — we must continue to denounce this great crime against humanity, and, undazzled by the glare of victory which may attend one side or the other, turn upon it steadily the light of sober reason and Christian morality. We must guard ourselves, and use whatever influence we possess in guarding others, against the contagion of the war spirit, which is apt to spread even to those who are only spectators of the conflict. We must do all that lies in our power to prevent the area of the war being enlarged, and especially we must strenuously resist all attempts to involve our own country in this dreadful imbroglio. We must watch every opening for the restoration of peace, so as to encourage our own and other neutral Governments to offer their mediation at the earliest possible opportunity with a view to bring the war to an end. And above all we must stand prepared, whenever this deplorable conflict is closed, to invoke the public opinion of all Christendom in favor of such measures being taken, as will for the future place the peace of the world beyond the reach of the personal ambition of individuals, or the capricious impulses of popular passion. And may we not hope that the horror and indignation which this war cannot fail ultimately to inspire, will convince all men of the supreme folly and wickedness of referring the disputes of nations to the blind and brutal arbitrament of the sword — will awaken so stern a demand among the millions of the oppressed populations of Europe as can no longer be resisted, for those measures of disarmament and arbitration for which we have been so long contending, and which seem the only means of escape from the vicious circle in which the nations have been so long revolving?

have been so long revolving?

JOSEPH PRASE, <i>President.</i>	} London Peace Society. American Peace Society.
HENRY RICHARD, <i>Secretary.</i>	
HOWARD MALCOM, <i>President.</i>	
AMASA LOND, <i>Secretary.</i>	

Sept., 1870.

Our Book Table.

RELIGIOUS.

PROPHET A PREPARATION FOR CHRIST, by R. Payne Smith, Gould & Lincoln. No works have done more service to the Church than the Bampton Lectures. And they never seem to grow stale. Two facts are noticeable in conjunction with this foundation. They almost invariably employ unknown men, and their effort almost invariably makes them well known. The lectures last year, on "Dogmatic Faith," were by far the best contribution of the year, and of several years, to the great controversy. This course is equally timely and able. Christ is shown to be the end and all of prophecy. He says, happily, "Speaking primarily of the Old Testament, St. Paul's words have proved true of the whole body of the Sacred Scriptures; 'they were written for our learning,' and the whole atmosphere of English thought is still, in the middle of this nineteenth century, saturated with their teaching." The very bitterness with which they are attacked is an unconscious testimony to their importance. He illustrates ably the analogy between Moses and our Lord, shows the points of agreement between Moses and Samuel, discusses prophetic schools and colleges, makes Elijah the link between Moses and Christ, and thus legitimates his appearance at the Transfiguration; examines the major and minor prophets in their declarations concerning Christ, and the fulfillment of them. Every minister should buy and study and preach this valuable treatise, which shows completely how the Old Testament made the New.

SERMONS BY DR. SOUTH, Third Volume. Hard & Houghton continues their edition of the "Old Pulpit." Nothing is newer than Dr. South. Pungent and potent are his words; not very courteous to his foes, not broad in his policy, he is always bright and vigorous. The antipodes of preachers came to being in the most dissolute and debauched of English reigns. Jeremy Taylor and Robert South to be subjects of Charles II. strange are the compensations of Providence. This is the best edition of South, and should find a place in every minister's library.

THE SOUL'S INQUIRIES, by G. Washington Moore. London and New York. 187 Piccadilly, 5 Cooper Union. This is a happy arrangement of verses for every day, with a diary opposite for the meditations of the reader. It is prettily gotten up, in English print and binding. Send to Pitt & Amory, 5 Cooper Union, and get it for yourself or friend. HELPS TO EVERY-DAY HOLINESS, by A. C. Ross (W. C. Palmer & Co., 14 Bible House), is less prettily printed, but not less useful. It has a word of the author's, a text and a verse for every day, all bearing on holiness; a good book for the pocket and the closet. These amulets are of the best sort, and cannot be too numerous worn in the heart, and may well be carried constantly about the person. THE LAST COMMAND, by M. L. Charleworth (Carter Bros.), is a pretty little pocket-book on the Sacrament, full of sweetness and strength. It will do every reader good. WAYFARING HYMNS, by Anna Warner (A. D. F. Randolph), is a like pocket manual of very devout and tender songs, that adapt themselves to the times of our pilgrimage. Her verse flows like the river of God, full of refreshment to every thirsty traveller. Christians will enjoy these streams in the desert; a Sarsaparilla of spiritual health-iving.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE is greatly enlarged, filled with maps, and abounds in information. It is a good preparative for Murray and Europe, and will be found no small help for brief and rapid tourists. It is least satisfactory on England. Its France may need rewriting, but up to July it was authentic, and may be up to January.

THE TRANSCONTINENTAL. The excursion to San Francisco of the Boston Board of Trade was accompanied by a printing-press and paper, published semi-occasionally. This paper was prettily gotten up, and has been bound up. The *Transcontinental* is the first journal that was published as Methodist preachers' children are said to be born, "all along shore." Its every address is different—Chicago, Omaha, Cheyenne, Ogden, San Francisco, and so back. It is a most remarkable of a pleasant affair.

PAMPHLETS.

SPEECHES, LETTERS, AND SAYINGS OF CHARLES DICKENS
with Dean Stanley's Sermon. Harper & Brothers. Dickens was

master of the dinner-table, both at and after the feast. No man spoke so well in that most difficult of feasts, over the cold meats and gravies and sauces, the debris of the feast. This pamphlet collection deserves a better shape. It will do till that form comes. The letters are bright and good-natured; the sermon, generous. The whole collection is very readable.

MOUST DEKENT, pp. 36 (Lee & Shepard), gives a sketch geographic and historic of what is destined to be the most popular resort on the Eastern coast. It is fuller of variety in scenery than any other spot on the shore. Mrs. Martin tells her little story well, but omits to mention, among the celebrities it has produced, the chiefest of them all, Bishop Clark. Had it been the Bishop of little Rhode Island, he would have got in, in large letters; being Bishop over all continents, he is unmentioned. We advise her to add a description of his birthplace to the next edition.

THE CALL OF THE HOUR, by Wm. Guest (D. Lothrop & Co.), is an earnest appeal for Christianity in faith and works. He shows one of these calls in a statement that there was spent in Great Britain and Ireland, in 1868-9, over fifteen hundred millions of dollars for intoxicating drinks, over fifty dollars to every man, woman, and child. Truly does he add, "Unless God have pity on us, we shall have to change the epithet of Christian England to Drunken England."

THE ORGANIZATION OF HIGH SCHOOLS. Address before the Boston School Board, by W. F. Atkinson. Prof. Atkinson pleads against the study of Greek and Latin as regular and required introductions to colleges, advocates natural science and general studies. He speaks of "the year of our Lord;" so he is improving a little in his theology. He says, truly, "the scholar needs symmetrical mental development," but does not say as truly that classical studies do not belong to that development. We doubt if modern languages and science are a complete substitute for ancient literature. His plea is more specious than sound. Yet some modification of classic studies must be made; more attention must be given to their ideas and style, and less to mere grammar and declension.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES of the times of George the Second, by Mrs. Oliphant (Littell & Gay), is a very valuable pamphlet, that deserves to be put into a book. It portrays the general, statesman, poet, preacher, philosopher, skeptic, painter, novelist, woman and man of the world in vivid memoirs of Walpole, Chetfield, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Pope, Wesley, Hume, Berkeley, Richardson, and Hogarth. It is a very valuable gallery. Wesley is very ably drawn.

Old and New continues John Whopper's story very consistently. It is a scientific Munchausen. He first falls into a hole in the ground. It proves to be a cylinder opening to China, which goes through by the simple law of motion that carries him out as far as he went in. Stepping down inside of a rocky projection one day, to come home, he failed by a foot or so of striking this side. So he kept oscillating until he stopped in the middle. There he found the axis of the earth, heard the earth grind around it on its revolution, got inside of it, and was blown out at the North Pole by the current, which was then setting that way, landing, as he fell from the air, on an iceberg; what happened there, is to be told. It is a very credible story. The National Church, it says, is Arminian and Liberal. But its aim is to make Arminianism anti-evangelical; not a new trick, counterfeiters always copying the popular currency. To say that universal suffrage is due to the anti-evangelical theology is superbly absurd, especially as it confesses the Calvinists have always favored republics. If men are totally depraved, it declares, they cannot be intrusted with voting. If they do, they will inevitably make the world a hell. Therefore total depravity is abolished, and universal suffrage is due to Unitarianism, which is the National Church. Pro-digious! Cannot God restrain the wrath and wickedness of men, even if they are totally depraved? Is He not Governor even in a free state, and with universal suffrage? Cannot His Spirit illuminate, when He does not regenerate? affect the conscience, if He does not renew the nature? It claims, too, that this theology is the only one that can give universal education,—as if the Pilgrims and Puritans did not do that. It compliments the Methodists as pure Arminians, but declares they don't know where they are drifting. They certainly don't, if they are drifting to such a sea as this. The claim to be Arminians themselves in the matter of free will, shows also where the popular current flows,—this doctrine of Arminianism not having been a favorite with this school until Methodism made it mighty. Its claim that the Christian Church of America are dissenters from the National Church, is another exquisite bit of brag. John Whopper is nowhere by the side of this ecclesiastical Munchausenism. Who is its modest author? It sounds a little like the usual boaster of this sect, though there is also an air of satire about it, as though the writer were making fun of his own sect, that gives a suspicion of Dr. Hedge. Has he been pacified for the destruction of the strictly denominational reviews, of which he so bitterly complained, by being allowed to poke fun at the Pistols of his Order with this near take-off? The Orthodox writers for this monthly will soon find out at what a table they have sat down. Ralph Keeler tells well how he lived, when eleven years old, on five cents six months, or rather lived with five cents in his pockets. We have known many boys of that age who lived a good deal longer than that without a cent in their pockets. The rest of the number is only goodish.

New Publications Received.

BOOKS AND ARTICLES.	PUBLISHERS.	FOR SALE BY
Merry's Museum,	F. R. Fuller.	
Zell's Mnecyclopedia,	Zell.	B. R. Russell.
The Ladies' Repository,	Hittcock & Walden.	J. P. Magee.
Old and New,	Roberts Bros.	
Anna Lyster,	Hittcock & Walden.	J. P. Magee.
Golden Hours,	"	"
The Questions of the Day, Kil-		
gus.	Murd & Houghten.	
The Little Corporal,	Sewell & Miller.	
The Manuscript Man, Wahebe,	Carlson & Lanchas.	
Mrs. M. W. Mason,	"	
The Infant S. S. School,	"	
A Year with Moses,	"	
School History of the United		
States, L. J. Campbell,	Erwer & Thorton.	
Charles Hix,	Harper Bros.	A. Williams.
Recollections of Eten,	"	"
Veronica,	"	"
True Ghot, A. N. Johnson,	J. Church & Co.	
Only a Fiddler,	Murd & Houghten.	
Prize of Law, Argyle,	Leut & Co.	Gould & Lincoln
Helps to Every-day Devotion,	W. C. Palmer.	
Letters of Madame Guyon,	"	

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 8, 1870.

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NO DISMEMBERMENT OF THE CHURCH.

We place on our second page, with great pleasure, a reply of Rev. Dr. Warren to the late articles in *The Christian Advocate*, editorial and from Rev. Dr. Wise, advocating the dismemberment of our Church. The wise words of Prof. Warren need no confirmation from this column. They are weighty with truth. The arguments set forth by our distinguished brethren are based on a policy that will prevent any aggressive action in our Church. If missionary Conferences are to be erected into independent churches, and cast off from the parent Church, then will they cease to be interested in each other, to work together, and to move together for the subjugation of the world. One of these brethren suggests that Liberia should now be made an independent Church, and thinks its feebleness arises from its connection with the home Church. It arises from the feebleness of the whole Liberian work and idea. That colony was conceived in sin, and shapen in iniquity. It was established to drive Americans out of America. It is a child of caste. We hated our brother, and we treated him as the Gadarenes did Christ, we besought him to depart out of our coasts. We built up a feverish spot on the sultriest side of the continent from which we had stolen his fathers, and thither we drove him. A few preferred a fatal freedom to the American bondage of body and spirit. They have succeeded better than they or we deserve. They will ultimately help to reduce that continent to Christ. They speak our language, adopt our doctrines and usages, ecclesiastical and political; they establish schools after our sort, and are in all respects identical with ourselves. Why cast them off?

It is said the Church in Canada was thrust out. So it was, but only to the mutual harm of us both. It has never flourished since like its Wesleyan neighbor. Methodism is cut in twain in the Dominion because of it, and our portion is the poorest. If, on the contrary, we had accepted the man they elected for Bishop as one of ours, Nathan Bangs, we should have no greater Bishop in our Church, and we should have conquered all Canada to a united Methodism and a united America.

So, to-day, shall we, if faithful to our present course, conquer the world to a united Methodism and a united humanity. Dr. Wise thinks the rivalries for Bishops and other officials will increase, and that that would be bad. But this whole matter can be easily adjusted. The election of editors can be, as it ought to be, and will yet be, taken out of the General Conference, and put into the hands of local boards, composed equally of ministers and laymen of the surrounding Conferences. It is so now, practically, so far as ministers are concerned with the General Conference editors. The patronising Conferences make their nomination, and the General Conference usually confirms their choice. So in respect to Bishops. If they are to reside abroad, those fields should have the right to nominate their chief. These matters will all regulate themselves.

It is pleaded that we were cut adrift from England, and have flourished the better for it. That is not necessarily true. Our lines broke with England politically and bitterly. The British Conference has never been a pliable body, ready to walk in God's path of liberty, any more than the British State. Americans would have accepted London as their capital, had they been treated as perfectly equal with Great Britain. So would our Church. We shall treat our Church in

India, Africa, China, Germany, Italy, wherever we go, as our perfect equals. We shall as readily appoint our General Conference at Berlin as at Brooklyn, when the Methodists of Germany ask for it, and can support it. Bishop Janes thrilled all hearts at the last General Conference by declaring that our General Conference would yet meet in Rome. It will, if we are faithful to Christ, and preach the Gospel at Rome also, and don't break up into foolish, feeble fragments. We have solemnly adopted that policy, after ample deliberation. We shall not go back. But few difficulties oppose it. Members can be brought together easily and cheaply from every quarter of the earth. The only barrier is language, and our converts will acquire the world-conquering tongue, and be all able to deliberate and discourse in Christian English. Our policy can be adjusted to this idea, and improved by the adjustments. It can allow every nation the largest liberty, and yet never break up the grand unity of the Methodist Church. Let us cling to that whereto we have attained, and under no circumstances abandon the glorious thought—a world-unity Methodist Church.

GOD'S ANSWER TO INFALLIBILITY.

Once upon a time there was a great day at the chief commercial city of Judea. A man had made himself popular by certain favors he had given the people, and on his visit thither they had made a holiday in his honor. He put on his robe of purple and yellow, velvet and satin, lifted a crown to his head, sat on a seat high and lifted up, and made a speech to the multitude. The dignitaries of state, the soldiers, priests, and crowds of people cried out, "It is the voice of a god, and not of a man." He listened, and accepted the homage. The son of a Jew, the king of the Jews, who had been made a people solely as the representatives of a jealous God, this prince accepted the acclamation that placed him by the side of the Lord God, the Creator of the universe. God Himself immediately makes His appearance. He instantly sends His angel, smites this apostate son, and he is consumed with worms, and given up the ghost.

On another set day a body of men professing to represent the most exalted of all earthly relations, the ministry of Jesus Christ the Son of God, and professing to speak for the most exalted of earthly institutions, the Church of Jesus Christ, were gathered in a temple erected to His worship, and over the spot reputed to be the sepulchre of the most prominent of His apostles, and certainly the sepulchre of thousands of martyrs to His faith and cause. Above them sat an old man, clad in royal satin and velvet, in gold and gems. He asks whether it pleases them that he shall be declared the infallible head of the Church, and five hundred grave and reverend voices reply, "Placet;" "it pleases." He bows submissive to the decree, and accepts the prerogative of God.

That God who smote the Jew for his assumptions of political equality with his Creator, arises on this declaration to shake terribly the earth. He smites the horrible system that breeds such profanity, with worms.

The aged blasphemer has not yet capped the climax of his impiety, and therefore is left for the present untouched. His set day is coming, when with his triple crown and bespangled robes, he is to be lifted up on the rear wall of the great cathedral of Rome, almost half up its height, into a chair, called the chair of St. Peter, there to receive the adorations of cardinal, archbishop, priest, and people. That exaltation and acceptance of worship as God may bring to him the touch in his body that came to Herod Agrippa, and he, too, may be physically consumed of worms, and give up the ghost. But his realms have felt the touch of God. It has struck him in his two most mortal spots, his private patrimony, his chief national support. His own support is taken away. The soldiers that have defended him march out of the city almost as soon as the infallibility is proclaimed. The great power that has been his sole military and European protection, is trodden under foot of the very nation that bred the men who cut his domain in twain three hundred years ago. Luther's sons smite the followers of Pius, as Luther smote Leo, for declaring that forgiveness of sin was his prerogative, and could be sold for money, to be consumed on his own lusts.

The overthrow of France is of God, and that because God is a jealous God, and will not allow His glory to be given to another. The great fields of Haguenau, Metz, and Sedan are God's reply to infallibility. The hundred thousand Frenchmen that lie in death on their own fair soil, are the punishment of Him who visited terribly His own people when they sinned against Him.

The hundred thousand Prussians who die in the same hour and act, are none the less a proof that God is a jealous God ; for they too, have wantonly cast off all fear, and restrained all prayer, avowed themselves skeptics, and indulged in every sort of horrid unbelief. He makes a sinning nation punish a sinning church. Prussian and Frenchman are learning, in this terrible lesson, that God the Lord will not allow His name to be taken in vain. He will be revered as the only and eternal God our Saviour. Mighty France is crushed as an egg-shell. Her boasted strength is instant and utter weakness ; her powerful ruler a feeble fugitive. Her fields are devastated, her capital almost in the power of her enemy. Who is wise, and will consider these things ?

Out of these horrors will Christ come forth triumphant. French and German shall more than ever fear and worship God and His Christ. The tide of infallibility and infidelity is stayed. God has crushed the haughty assumption of His avowed representative, who sits in a seat of his own creation. He will uplift France in better life, and Rome also. Her ministers shall yet be clothed with salvation; not, as now, with blasphemy. Her saints shall shout aloud for joy. France and Germany, Rome, Paris and Berlin, shall yet unite in ascribing infallibility and salvation alone to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb forever.

THE POLITICAL CAMP ALIVE

The stir in the camp of politicians of all sorts by the appearance of the Prohibitory party on the field, is very remarkable. A month ago, none were so despised in this State as Prohibitionists; none now are so feared and hated. Every attempt is made to bewray or belittle the movement, but these attempts only betray the fear of those who make them. They are told their resolutions don't mean anything; that they only oppose the dram-shop system, and that is what the ruling party opposes and seeks to extirpate — as is shown in the passage by the House again and again of the freest of liquor bills and the ultimate adoption of a bill making all fermented liquors free as water, and all others substantially of the same sort. The Prohibitionists mean business. There will be excitement in the camp of the Republicans such as they have not seen before. The three divisions of that body, Rum, Don't Care, and Prohibition, will be arrayed against each other. Any attempt to make it prohibitory will be steadily resisted by the Free Rum men and the Don't Cares. Any attempt to make it say nothing, will be resisted by the Prohibitionists. It is a happy family out of which Christ or the devil has got to be cast out. Worcester and the first of October will show which is master. Meanwhile we rejoice that Prohibition has at last entered politics in Massachusetts. It entered it in Maine last fall with glorious success. It entered it in New Hampshire last spring with no small effect. It enters it in this State this fall, and at its first appearance every bondman of rum or party trembles. The good men who still abide in the ruling political organization will heed its summons, and either put their party under its banner, or wheel themselves into line under its own flag. It took eight years after the anti-slavery party was formed before the great men of this State who have led it to victory were enrolled in its ranks. Wilson, Sumner, Andrew, "Warrington," Boutwell, and others, the magnates of this party, were not identified with its earliest beginnings. So now the creators of this party will not probably take its victorious honors. But they will make its principles successful, and either in its own shape or in that of existing organizations will give the cause of prohibition of the sale of all intoxicating beverages the complete mastery in this and every commonwealth and country. God is in it, as He has been in every cause that seeks to lift man up to Christ and heaven. He will go up with His hosts and give them universal victory.

BELIEVERS VERSUS INQUIRERS.

It was a happy distinction made by Rev. Bro. Brayman at Sterling. He said, "When at the Unitarian convention last spring in Boston, I heard them talk about their position as 'inquirers.' They were 'inquirers.' We," he exclaimed, "on the other hand, are believers." Even so. That word sums up the whole controversy. Seekers, skeptics, examiners (this is Mr. Towne's title for his new anti-Christian journal, and was that of their defunct quarterly), these words express exactly their state. Lessing's motto is theirs. "If I had the search of truth offered me by the Almighty in one hand, and truth itself in the other, I should reverently reject the truth, and take the search for it."

How different is the Christian! Belief is his motto. Faith, trust, confidence, reality. Then skeptics and inquirers become doubters and infidels, — the last being only the negation and antagonist of Christianity, — unbelievers.

Christ makes this great distinction. Let every Christian see to it that he abides in it. He should not any more be seeking forever for the truth of religion than he should for those of the mind or heart. The believers in the axioms and rules of mathematics, in the principles and facts of science, in his mother's, wife's and children's love, in the fitness of his food to his system, in sun and stars, in seasons and sights of real nature and life, in principles and humanity. He is a believer in almost everything else but religion. Why be a disbeliever there? Why doubt and deny, or why everlastingly inquire and examine. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." That is the only salvation. That gives health to the soul. That makes a man live a reality. That cleanses death of its mould, opens heaven to the eyes. That is peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Inquiry keeps the soul starved, dying, dead. Inquiry is only rational as a result of belief. Faith gives the basis and the only basis for true investigation. If Agassiz did not believe in Nature and her laws, he could never pursue her studies successfully. If Peirce did not believe in mathematical formulæ and axioms, he could never search out the remote relations of numbers. If a man does not believe in his wife's fidelity, he can never go happily forward in the building up of his fortune for his family. If a politician does not believe his platform, he is without any power to advocate or advance it. Inquiry is after and subordinate to belief. To faith is added knowledge. It can never truly come without or before faith. Let every one heed this wise remark, and be not a blind and fruitless "inquirer," but a clear-eyed, happy-hearted, strong-brained, progressive "believer," increasing in knowledge, holiness and happiness, because increasing in faith. "To him that believeth," all the promises of God are come. Believe and enter into life.

Dr. Peabody, in *The Religious Magazine*, thus describes one of our most popular preachers, whose color alone has prevented his occupancy of the first churches of our land. It is a shame to our Christianity that such a light of God's has been put in such a socket. Would that some of our churches had to-day grace to receive this messenger. But though treated with unchristian unfairness in the matter of appointment, Bro. Mars has always been very acceptable as a revivalist and occasional preacher, and at camp-meetings. Long may he be a leader in these spheres, and before he goes higher, find his name against some other than an obscure congregation, and very humble place of worship.

"Some twelve or more years ago I chanced to stray one evening into the Joy Street Church. I found the pulpit occupied by a man as black as my coat. To my dismay he took for his text the four beasts (or cherub-forms) of the Apocalypse. That he could manage them, or escape being torn to pieces by them, was wholly beyond my expectation. I had never ventured to grapple with them till I took courage from him. But I soon found that he had the mastery of them. He preached one of the most striking sermons I ever heard. I quoted a large part of it, giving credit to the author, in my next Sunday's sermon; and it remains as distinctly in my memory as if I had heard it but yesterday. He rightly, as I suppose, defined the four cherub-forms, as symbolizing the four cardinal types of spiritual excellence, belonging to the individual Christian worthy of the name, to the Church on earth, so far as it embodies the character of its Lord and Master, to the Church of the redeemed in heaven. Each type was dealt with as by a mind familiar with the mysteries of the 'life hid with Christ in God.' When he came to the eagle, he seemed to have borrowed his pinions. The following is

the substance of some part of what he said on this head; but I cannot do justice to his burning words, still less to the glow that lighted up his dusky countenance, and the intense, rapid fervor of his utterance: —

"The eagle, on his upward flight, keeps his wings evenly balanced, thus floating heavenward as if borne by the very breath of heaven. But were either of his wings crippled, he would tumble over in the air, and fall heavily to the ground. The Christian's wings are faith and good works. So long as they are in equipoise — fifth embodied in a life of active and loving duty, duty making faith ever clearer and stronger — the Christian is all the time soaring heavenward. Let him grow either remiss in duty, or feeble in faith, his flight is arrested; the broken wing flaps idly at his side; he flounders in mid-air, sinks rapidly to the earth, and grovels there as a mere worldling. . . . The eagle, as he soars, looks right in the face of the sun, and no mortal can take aim at him; for no human eye can so bear the direct rays of the sun as to give fatal effect to the shot. Thus, Christian, as that you fix your eye steadily on the Sun of Righteousness. The Old Enemy is on the watch for your soul; but he cannot look undisturbed where you can. So long as your eyes are unto the Lord, he cannot take aim at you; his shots will all fall wide of the mark."

"On the evening of May 7, at the reception given by Governor Claflin to Hon. Mr. Revels, I saw a venerable negro who at once reminded me of the black preacher. I sought an introduction to him, and asked him if he had preached in Joy Street at such a time. 'Yes,' said he, 'I supplied the pulpit there for three months in Bro. Grimes's absence.' I asked him if he remembered that sermon. He recalled it instantly. He is Rev. Mr. Mars, now pastor of the Revere Street Methodist Church. He is probably but little known in Boston. No one can see him and talk with him without being impressed with the manifest tokens — equally of a clear and strong mind, and of a saintly purity and elevation of spirit. His congregation is obscure, his place of worship very humble; but if any of our readers should be induced to visit it, they will find in the preacher one of the Lord's own — a jewel which, though few may mark its lustre now, will one day shine with the purest radiance in the coronet of the King of kings."

PRAY FOR THE ROMAN CATHOLICS.

At a preachers' prayer-meeting at Hamilton, a minister remarked, "I am preacher in charge of three hundred thousand souls for whom nobody prays. There are that number of Romanists in this State. I am sent among them. They are susceptible; they are reachable. Yet how few believers in Christ believe in their conversion! How few pray for them! Pray, brethren, for these Roman Catholic neighbors and acquaintances." That was a true rebuke and godly appeal. May every Christian hear it. Pray for them, your brethren, your kindred after the flesh, whose are the fathers, whose are the promises. They are on saveable ground. They are under the influence of the Holy Spirit. Your prayers will melt you towards them, and them towards you. You will believe in their conversion and labor for it. There is no cure for any of these great religious evils like prayer. Pray for heretics, for infidels, for rum-sellers, for rum legislators, for your poor Roman Catholic brother, held hapless in the chains of a false faith. "I will be inquired of by the house of Israel to do this thing for them." Pray for the Roman Catholics.

COLOR PREJUDICE NOT YET CURED.

(Correspondence.)
The fifth National Camp-meeting held at Oakington, Hartford County, Maryland, has terminated, it is said, successfully, having "been a meeting of unusual power." So says your own correspondent, which statement is confirmed by the fall daily reports of the *Baltimore American*. And yet that great convocation of religionists from all parts of our country has not been without its adverse criticisms, not to say direct fault-finders. It is said that only the bright and beautiful phases of the picture have been given to the public. There were some unsightly scenes and inharmonious sounds by way of discordant sentiments in Christian experience, that have been suppressed. Perhaps this is the better way; for, after all, good has been done, and the criticisms of the *Christian Advocate*, though leaning to the side of censure, will all tend in the end to the advancement of truth.

But as this was a National Camp-meeting, how does it happen that it was restricted as to color? — are not the colored people now as real citizens as the white population? O, but was not Bishop Wayman invited upon the stand and treated in a brotherly manner? The Bishop has not asserted to the contrary, to our knowledge. But was he invited to preach, or to take any part in the public exercises? Listen for the echo!

It is true the colored Methodists of Baltimore and Maryland were invited to occupy for a consideration the camp-ground, after the adjournment of the white meeting. The colored M. E. C. refused to do so; but the A. M. E. C. did accept a similar invitation, and are now holding a colored Camp-meeting on the same site. But from what I read in the papers, it is a small affair, and far from being a second edition of the white meeting.

It was determined before the commencement of the National Camp-meeting to invite the colored Methodists of Baltimore to occupy the same accommodations after its adjournment, for a price; the object being not so much to benefit the colored people as to make money by the operation. The circuit on which the camp was held being in debt, and in need of funds, this arrangement, in a business light, was doubtless all perfectly fair. How it will result in a financial aspect is yet to be developed. We rejoice in the fact that our own colored membership, who were not deemed worthy to meet with their white brethren, refused to accept the dubious and qualified invitation to meet by themselves on the same spot after the departure of their fairer if not holier brethren.

Did these sanctified Christians fear if they met with their dusky brethren, that it would be said of them, as it was said of their Master and namesake: "How is it that He eateth and drinketh with publicans and sinners?" The reproach of the Gospel and following in the footsteps of Christ has not ceased, and few there be who are capable of bearing that cross. How forcible are the words of St. James: "If there come into your assembly a [white] man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor [colored] man in vile raiment; and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool: are ye not partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts?"

Now let all such despisers of the poor and lowly — though they be in the Church — hear what this inspired Apostle saith: "Hearken, my beloved brethren, Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the Kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him? But ye have despised the poor."

This question of Christian fellowship with our colored brethren is one of vital importance to the Church. If we continue to treat them much longer as we have done up to the present, we shall surely compel them to withdraw from our connection — from the merely nominal union that now exists between us; for it cannot in truth be said of them, that they are in full communion with us, though they may be and are in communion with Christ.

It is a most wonderful thing that we should be sending missionaries by the score to convert and enlighten the heathen of the old Eastern world, while we have within the bosom of the Church at home the sin of caste as strongly defined as it exists in India or Japan; that keeps us from having any intercourse with our next-door neighbor; what prevents one Christian minister from recognizing the ministerial character of his brother, and treating him with the commonest civilities either in private intercourse or the public sanctuary. The prevailing sentiment on this subject is not only unchristian and inhuman, but oppressive and tyrannical. It impeaches the wisdom and goodness of God, and persecutes the faithful Christian for performing the very duties that Christ has imposed upon His followers. It gags the mouth of him who would speak the truth, refuses him places of trust and honor in the Church; and if it had the power, would "cast him out of the synagogue." Said a minister to one of his members, "I would have nominated you for a place in our Board of Trustees or Stewards, but I knew they would not elect you." Another minister in this same enlightened City of Monuments gave as a reason for not holding Christian fellowship with his colored brethren, that their spirits in the next world would be of the same color as their bodies were in this, and consequently there would be no intercourse in heaven between —

"Black spirits and white, Red spirits and gray."

A young colored man, a clerk in the General Post Office at Washington, and student of law in Harvard University, who resides in Baltimore, asked a white Methodist friend if he thought the sexton of Charles St. Church would provide him a seat if he went there to worship, as he would like to hear Dr. Eddy preach. The reply was, that from what he knew of the treatment of Rev. Mr. Mars under similar circumstances, he thought the sexton would not accommodate him.

"But," said the friend, "I will accompany you there, get you a seat, and sit with you."

This evidently surprised the young man, who at once said he would go; but after a short interval, he expressed his thanks for the offer of his white friend, but declined to accompany him, saying, he would not subject him to the annoyance and persecution which such an act of Christian courtesy would bring upon him. The friend said he thought Dr. Eddy would be pleased to see him in the audience, there were plenty of free seats, and no offense would be taken by the congregation; but the public sentiment was too strong for the courage of the young man, and for the present he declined to visit the Church of God in Baltimore because of the prevailing feeling of caste. This foolish prejudice is not perhaps peculiar to our city, but exists in Boston as well as Baltimore, where, and in all other places of our great country, it is doomed soon to disappear before the enlightened progress of the age. May God hasten the day, and let all the people say, Amen.

The Hon. Hugh Lenox Bond, recently appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, as Circuit Judge of the Fourth Judicial Circuit of the United States — comprising the States of Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina — was duly sworn in before Hon. Wm. Fell Gilles, U. S. District Judge at Baltimore, on the 4th instant. This appointment we deem one of the most important for the interests of the Republican cause in the South, that could have been made; and especially will it prove a blessing to the colored people who form so large a proportion of the population of the States comprising the Fourth Judicial Circuit.

Judge Bond has been a member of the Executive Committee of the Baltimore Association for the Education of the colored people of Maryland from its organization, a Society composed in great part of Friends, who as the almoners of English and Northern Quakers, together with their own liberal contributions, has expended hundreds of thousands of dollars in establishing schools in every county in the State. For the last four or five years Judge Bond has devoted much of his time in gratuitously visiting different portions of Maryland for the purpose of carrying out the benevolent purposes

of the Baltimore Association. The writer has accompanied the good Judge in some of these delightful visitations; and can bear willing testimony to the cheerfulness and bravery with which he met and overcame the difficulties and oppositions which sometimes met him and his co-laborers in the prosecution of their important work. We predict for Judge Bond, should it please God long to spare his useful life, the attainment of the highest position to which deserved promotion can place him; and we found this prediction upon the eminent talents, profound acquirements, and exalted worth of the man. Let the M. E. C. pray for him.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 8, 1870.

The Boston Theological Seminary opens next week. The arrangements are complete and excellent. No superior if equal privileges are accorded students anywhere else. The faculty are of the best, so will the lecture course be. Prof. Lathrop we have already commended as an able scholar and teacher. Drs. Warren and Lindsey are known and read of all men, especially Methodists. Prof. Townsend is elected to the chair of Homiletics. He is eminently fitted for that post, being a brilliant writer and preacher, and able also to lead others in this way. With a faculty so well made up as the Boston now is, it ought to have a hundred students in its halls this session. The prospects are good for a large school. Prof. Patten will devote his time chiefly to raising the new endowment. He is meeting with good success, and hopes to consummate the work the coming season. We trust all our brethren whom he visits, will respond to his request. The sooner this endowment is completed, the better for all our interests. It is well under weigh, and a generous hand from a few more of the sort he has found, will put the Seminary on as good a foundation as any like institution in America.

Our Maine brethren will all read the notice of the dedication at Bath, and as far as they can, be present and enjoy the occasion. One of the oldest of our societies, when the Conference was held nearly fifty years ago, it is putting on strength and beauty, and renewing its youth like the eagle's. No society better deserves success.

The Yarmouth Camp-meeting Committee refused to allow the railroad to be used to transport passengers in a boat from Martha's Vineyard on Sunday from Hyannis to the ground. The Associations at the Vineyard ought to refuse to allow those who are brought there from New Bedford to enter their grounds. They can keep them all out. They must. Twenty thousand persons, it is said, visited the grounds in the boats on Sunday. It is a hideous sin. They can stop it, and must, or the curse of God will fall upon them. The Oak Bluff Association should forbid their landing. Some way or other the evil must be stayed. It is the chief, if not the only spot in their feast. May it soon be cleansed.

The Universalist, in a recent editorial on women ministers, stated that the Methodist women ministers are preaching without ecclesiastical sanction or license—in other words, "on their own hook." We quote from memory, not having the paper before us. In this statement the *Universalist* is mistaken. The women ministers of the Methodist Church are regularly licensed local preachers. They have not been admitted to the Conference, and so have not a large number of male licentiates, who preach regularly, and who have sought admission to the Conference, but who, because of deficient education, for domestic reasons, old age, or some other hindering cause, have failed to obtain the standing they desire. Besides these licensed woman ministers, the Methodist Church has in its communion a little host of lay female preachers, like Mrs. Jeannie B. Willing, of Ill., and Mrs. Dr. Palmer, of N. Y., who are rendering that denomination most effective service and are one of its strong hands of power. Many of them are women of first-class ability and superior culture. Mrs. Willing, whom we have long known, whose husband is a Presiding Elder, and her brother a Doctor of Divinity, pastor of one of the largest and most influential Methodist churches of Chicago, is mistress of four languages, translates from their literature, and speaks French and German fluently. The women of the Methodist Church have a sphere of action granted by no other Church, and cooperate with men in every department, their votes being sought and counted on all questions, as are those of the male members. And no Church to-day is so strong and powerful as is this same Methodist Church.

We find the above in *The Woman's Journal*. It has one mistake. Our local ministry have not sought admission to the Conference. They prefer to remain out of the exclusive work of the ministry. There are about fifteen thousand of these ministers in our Church. The rest of the article justly attribute liberty to woman in the Methodist Church.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.—It is so seldom that we can find anything to commend in Mr. Abbott's *Index*, that we rejoice it has experienced religion enough to write so good words as these on so needed and impressive a theme. "The World is too much with us." We should go apart like Christ, and with Christ, often in prayer and holy communion. We are soon to leave this world. Think of the coming one. Let not the noise and rush of this noisy and rushing time whirl our souls away from God and heaven. If the *Index* would always talk as good as this, it would soon talk a great deal better, bringing its every thought and feeling into subjection to Christ, and rejoicing as so many devout believers do in communion with Him:—

"Be still, and know that I am God." There is no sublimer word than that between the two lids of the Bible,—few words so sublime. It is the far-off echo, the precious legacy of an age when men were still. Modern civilization is very swift and noisy; it seldom stops to understand itself or to inquire whence it cometh or whither it goeth. The almost miraculous industrial development of the times (the direct

or indirect result of the wonderful progress of modern science) encroaches on men's leisure, and hardly leaves us time to be ourselves. The world, like Saturn, devours its own children. We are almost machines, and are in danger of becoming fixtures in our own railroads, steamboats, factories, foundries. The rush and impetus of the age is tremendous; it makes us giddy, and we cling to the tangible in fear of looking up or down. But we must learn to keep our equipoise, without merging our nobler part, our individual being, in the great whirl of modern society. After all, there is something more important than the prosperity of corporations and firms,—than the accumulation of fortunes and the acquisition of civic honors,—than any of the bright and gaudy baubles that the world holds up so temptingly to our pursuit. We must learn to resist the contagion of the times, and take leisure to be men and women; we must learn to resist the gravitation of the multitudes, and set a profounder value on the formation and development of private character. We must often fall back on the primitive solitude of our own souls, seek the stillness of grave and high thought, and forget the wearying distractions of the Many in the unfathomable attractions of the One."—*The Toledo Press*.

The Western claims that it meant right in its remarks on the colored churches going off by themselves. We are glad to learn this. We hope it will speak right. The Church is halting between two opinions. It is weak and wavering up and down in this duty. May *The Western* lead it to be the only God-appointed place, the perfect oneness of believers.

MORE YET.—It is hard to stop when we've begun enumerating our lecturers. They grow like crops in June. Rev. John H. Twombly has a lecture on Thought, which is exceedingly commended by many that have heard it. Rev. Selah W. Brown, Waterford, N. Y., has been nearly all over the world, and talks about every portion of it with equal facility and popularity. His lectures on Palestine and California are very attractive. C. H. St. John, of our editorial staff, is in much demand, especially for humorous poems which hit the times in a taking way. Dr. Tiffany, of Newark, N. Y., is one of the stars in this firmament. Rev. Dr. Coggeshall has attractive lectures, which will please and edify. His address is Barnstable, Mass.

It is our melancholy privilege to say that Rev. Mark Trafton has a new lecture on "The man who cries, in connection with the Woman Question." There is one thing certain; that the man who cries will not be in his audience.

The Book of Dual Blanks, by N. Pettit (E. E. Dunn & Co., Bordentown), is a good idea. It gives a duplicate on each page of hymns for the two services, so that the clergyman can tear off one for the chorister and retain one for himself. We hope J. P. Magee will keep them on hand. They are a desideratum.

The National Camp-meeting at Des Plaines refused to have the cars run from Chicago on Sunday. The managers of the grounds favored their running and announced it in the Friday dailies, but the managers of the meeting refused to hold any if the cars ran. So they conquered. We hope they may be invited to take hold of Martha's Vineyard, if the nuisance of Sunday steamboats cannot be abated by the present managers. They will go on to this perfection and reach it.

BOSTON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1870-71.

The twenty-fourth annual session of the Boston Theological Seminary will open in the new building, No. 36 Bromfield Street, on Wednesday, Sept. 14. All applicants for admission are desired to present themselves at the opening religious services in the chapel, at 9 o'clock A. M.

The Board of Instruction for the coming year includes, either as professors, lecturers, or special instructors, the following distinguished divines and educators: John W. Lindsay, D. D., James E. Lathrop, D. D., William F. Warren, D. D., Luther T. Townsend, M. A., David Patten, D. D., Charles W. Bennett, M. A., President E. O. Haven, D. D., L. L. D., Bishop E. S. Jones, D. D., Joseph P. Thompson, D. D., L. L. D., William Butler, D. D., Erasmus Wentworth, D. D., J. F. Kraus, Ph. D., Dr. Eben Tourjee, and Prof. Thomas F. Leonard.

Besides all the branches usually taught in theological institutions, the Seminary offers instruction in Theological Encyclopedia and Methodology, all branches of Missionary Science, Music, German, Arabic, Rabbinical Hebrew, Samaritan, etc. It affords the student free access to the largest and best Public Library and Reading Room in America. Situated in the heart of Boston, within twenty feet of Music Hall, it secures constant opportunities to see and hear the best public speakers of the country, and to become acquainted with all the moral and religious movements of the day.

For admission to the regular Triennial Course a full collegiate education or its equivalent is required. A Quadrennial Course, however, is provided for those who are unable to obtain a collegiate preparation. A student thoroughly prepared to enter college, can complete this in three years. A Triennial Missionary Course has also been arranged for the benefit of those contemplating service in the foreign field.

Tuition in all regular courses, free. Libraries and reading rooms, free. New, furnished rooms, free. Board only \$2.50 per week. \$200 covers all necessary expenses for a year. Indigent young men are frequently aided by Education Societies or interested friends.

Applications for rooms the coming session, should be made at once. All letters should be directed, not as heretofore, to Pinckney Street, but to the new building, No. 36 Bromfield Street. For further information, application may be made to

WILLIAM F. WARREN,

Boston Theological Seminary, No. 36 Bromfield Street.

The supplement to "Work and Play," Springfield, has portraits of the swindler, Rev. F. Whitcourt, who goes round on crutches, has a very sanctimonious air and is a first-class scoundrel. Look out for him.

The Women Suffragists are talking of entering the political campaign in this State. What with Prohibitionists, Labor Reformers, Women Suffragists, Republicans and Democrats, the canvass promises to be very lively.

The Crozier Theological Seminary, near Philadelphia, is erecting cottages for the students who have families. It is a good idea.

A brother at Hamilton defined the foolishness of preaching as meaning the simplicity of preaching. Not a bad definition. Let preachers remember and practice it.

The Epping Camp-meeting was unusually powerful. Report next week.

We allow our Baltimore correspondent to speak his mind freely on an alleged infraction of the great command, by our good brethren of the National Camp-meeting Association. He is a Baltimore Methodist of the old school, a gentleman of position and influence. His earnest words at the cruel treatment of our brethren of color by their white kindred are not a whit too strong if true. God will plague and punish us if we continue to practice this sin of hating our brother whom we have seen. Our brethren will find in this particular a chance yet to go on unto perfection.

Burlington, Cedar Rapids, and Minnesota Railroad Bonds are being rapidly subscribed for. These Bonds are First Mortgage Convertible Sinking Fund 7 per cent. Gold Bonds. A security equal to 5-20s, and paying double the return at present prices. Investors will do well to subscribe speedily to the small balance of this loan remaining unsold, as an immediate advance above the subscription price may be looked for on the completion of the negotiation of the issue.

We cheerfully call attention to the advertisement for investments. The security is good, and the chance to invest large or small sums on such time as may be desired, makes the offer a good one.

PERSONAL.

Dr. L. Pierce has been badly injured in his foot by a railroad accident. He is getting better and expects to recover, despite his advanced age.

The Clapp family came together at Northampton, the 21st ult., and had a great clapping of hearts if not hands. They came from the inevitable three brothers, only one of whom, as was usually the case, was prolific and founded the numerous family. Rev. A. H. Clapp, of New York, did the oration. Mr. F. A. Clapp, of Worcester; is one of the prominent members of the family. It is a good Methodist name, though many Congregationalists carry it, and carry it well.

Rev. T. Willard Lewis is visiting the North. He reports a good condition of affairs in South Carolina. Our Church has over 20,000 members. We have no work of equal success in all the South, and that because no work has been done on quite so thoroughly Christian principles.

Wm. H. Cogman, a graduate of Pierce Academy, has been elected Professor in Claflin University. He is from the West Indies, and has high recommendations for his scholarship in English branches and French. He will be an acquisition to that institution. Rev. Ichabod Marcy, of this Conference, it is also expected, will take a professorship in the same college. He is a fine scholar, and will prove a great help to the Southern work. That University is getting ahead of all its rivals.

Mrs. Livermore officiated in an Episcopal church in Epping, N. H., two weeks ago, reading the prayers and going through the service as if an ordained priest of the Church. She did not need to wear the robes, being arrayed nearly like one of those true priests, all the time. Some trouble occurred about it, and the Vestry have invited her to officiate there a whole Sunday this month. If she were only as sound in doctrine as she is attractive in address, we might yet see her a High Church Bishop. She may grow in that grace, if she continues long to serve the Church at Epping, and so come at last to the mitre itself. She will find Pope Joan there before her. There is nothing new under the sun, not even a female bishop or a female Pope.

Rev. Dr. Woodruff leaves for home in October. As we have so far secured the only letter from him describing his trip, we lead our New York neighbors. His silence has been painful to us, though doubtless agreeable enough to him. Rev. J. W. Horne, who accompanied him, has done a little more at that business. We hope Dr. Woodruff will be like Munchausen's horn, and let all his tunes of travel out at once after he gets home. They are certainly all frozen up there now.

Rev. Dr. De Haas leaves his charge in Cincinnati, this fall, for a year in Europe.

J. P. Kennedy left a set of his novels to Harvard College, to pay for a Doctor of Laws it gave him. If every college is to get such rewards for its degrees, it will hold up quick. Think of the forgotten lore D. D.'s will pile up at their library doors for the parchments. Kennedy's novels are deadlier than his L. L. D. Horse-shoe Robinson may live a little as a revolutionary spy, but not much.

The first chromo portrait gotten up by Prang & Co., is that of Hon. Mr. Revels. Bethoven is to follow. It is proper for a man of color to first appear in colors. It is a good head and will look well in any parlor.

The Methodist Church.

Will our ministerial and other brethren, please send us any items of religious interest in their churches. They will be gratefully acknowledged. Each can help us keep these columns full of fresh local knowledge. You alone can inform us respecting the points of Christian interest in your own church and neighborhood. Please send them as soon as they occur. We do not confine this request to any one section, but shall be happy to receive information from any part of the country, and from any section of the Church.

MASSACHUSETTS.

CAPE COD.—Rev. Dr. Coggeshall writes on seeing some letters exhibited in the window of our post-office, a few days ago, directed to Mr. and Mrs. Somebody, "Cape Cod, Mass.," I thought that I would say for the benefit of all "outside barbarians," and of all places in which the schoolmaster is not yet abroad, that Cape Cod is the right arm of the Old Bay State, and which, from the Plymouth line to Race Point, Provincetown, extends into the sea a distance of 62 miles, and which at one point is 20 miles wide; that it embraces thirteen towns and one district, that of Marshpee, inhabited by the Indians; that it had a population, at the last census, of about 84,000, and possessed about \$20,000,000 of actual wealth; that it has five incorporated banks, one of which, that of Yarmouth, has a capital of \$528,000; that it has five weekly papers, all of which are on large sheets and well supported; that in Barnstable alone, which is the shire town, we have seven post-offices, corresponding to the number of principal villages in one large territory; that, by estimate, there are, at least, 50 post-offices in the county, so that a letter directed to a correspondent, "Cape Cod, Mass.," would stand but one chance in fifty of reaching its destination; and for the farther benefit of the religious public, I would also say, that there are about 62 churches of all denominations on the Cape, 25 of which are Methodists, which are supported at a cost of upwards of \$40,000 a year, and that those churches, some of which are large and important, are mostly run in the interest of the metropolitan churches of Boston and vicinity, which take our surplus converts, but which for the most part returns neither cash nor acknowledgments.

The South Abington M. E. Society held a picnic on the 31st Aug., for the benefit of their funds. The day was extremely fine, and a goodly number enjoyed the festivities and exercises of the occasion.

Church Street, Boston, is being refreshed with spirit of earnestness and prayer.

Not less than twenty thousand people attended Hamilton Camp-meeting. So says the ticket seller on the grounds.

STIRLING CAMP-MEETING

Rev. R. H. Howard gave an account of the first part of this meeting. Rev. W. A. Braman gives its conclusion:—

Thursday came, and with it the multitudes. This day of the week has always been made the great day by the crowd. Ten thousand heaved, dusty, thirsty people were too uncomfortable and restless to be much benefited by the services, yet large numbers listened to good sermons by Rev. Messrs. Babcock and Titus, of the New Hampshire Conference. Rev. D. Dorchester commenced preaching in the evening from a platform placed several feet out in front of the stand, from which all could hear well. His theme was Christian perfection; but before he had proceeded far, the rain, which had been so earnestly prayed for, came down and scattered the large congregation. But the announcement that the sermon might be printed in Zion's Herald gave general satisfaction.

The next morning, clear and beautiful, dawned upon the refreshed camp, and larger expectations for the last day of the feast were raised, nor were they disappointed. The usual love-feast before the stand, conducted by Bro. Hatch, was enjoyed by a great many believers. Testimonies from the child to the saint of seventy years' experience in Christ, and all ages between, over two hundred speaking and more rising to the same point, were given to the truthfulness and goodness of the religion of Christ, showing that the breath of God upon human character produces the same harmony in all souls yielding to its holy influence.

The last sermon was preached by the Rev. Ira G. Bidwell, on future punishment, which he proved from universal consciousness and the Scriptures, after which about fifty penitents came forward for pardon, and the public prayer-meetings closed with conversations and rejoicings.

The public meetings were closed by remarks from the stand in the evening, by Revs. John Allen, W. Silverthorn and others. The president referred tenderly to the sick brethren in the ministry, who had been personally mentioned in the preachers' prayer-meeting. We were all made to feel the blessedness of living and dying unto the Lord.

More than fifty preachers took some part in the public services of this camp-meeting. Rev. M. M. Parkhurst addressed the children's meeting on Thursday, at one P. M., and presented Gov. Claflin, who briefly addressed them. Rev. J. W. Hamilton conducted a similar meeting the next day. Revs. Bros. McCurdy, Hatch, Sargent and Eastman, conducted the public prayer-meetings. Resolutions on Temperance were passed.

Greetings from Hamilton were received and forwarded to Hatfield and Epping, N. H.

Hereafter family tents are to be taxed one dollar annually, and cottages two dollars, and new applicants for lots are to pay from one to ten dollars; but the question of taxing society tents was, after considerable discussion, laid on the table. It is hoped that this radical change for securing resources for improvements in imitation of other camp-meeting associations will not militate against the spirituality and usefulness of this Central New England Christian temple, so much blessed in the past, and so favorable in situation to future gatherings for holy consecration and victories in the name of the Lord.

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, HAMILTON CAMP-MEETING.—Agitate, agitate, was the rallying word that sounded along the ranks of our veteran soldiers in the anti-slavery cause.

Had they sought to effect the work they had in hand by silent effort, how far would their influence have been felt? and how long might not the slave have worn his fetters?

So if we would extend the spirit of missionary labor, we must agitate; keep the subject of missions before the public mind. Let our readers often see these figures: 13,000,000 of women degraded and subject to all manner of cruelty; and none to help, unless Christians work and sacrifice to send them the light of divine truth.

For this purpose some ladies at Hamilton Camp-meeting called a meeting at the Lynn Common Tent, in order to awaken a deeper interest in the cause of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

Mrs. Benjamin H. Barnes, of Chelsea, presided. Mrs. E. F. Porter, of East Boston, and Miss Lindsay, of Lynn, addressed the meeting. Their remarks were listened to with more than ordinary interest. Mrs. Porter stated, as a basis of remarks, that "to know Jesus is the key-stone to all true knowledge," and urged the necessity of sending this knowledge to those sitting in darkness.

Miss H. Lindsay followed by representing the Woman's F. M. Society as a company of gleaners. The word to us is, "Go glean in my vineyard." She urged the necessity of work. "Work in the Sabbath-schools. Set the children to work," etc.

Very interesting and encouraging reports were made from several societies. In East Boston, the mothers have organized the little girls into a society, for the support of a little girl in India, that was thrown into the river Ganges as a sacrifice to the gods, and rescued by our missionaries. Will not the mothers in other churches do likewise? Twelve young ladies in Haverhill Sabbath-school support a Bible-reader. Will the young ladies in other Sabbath-schools follow this noble example.

A class of small boys in Boston St. Lynn, Sabbath-school, support an orphan boy in India.

Let all the boys in our Sabbath schools contribute of their spending money, and they will receive in this life a hundred-fold; and if they continue in the same spirit, they will have eternal life.

Come, mothers, Sabbath-school teachers, boys and girls, let us go to gleanings. The Missionary Societies want and must have large sums to carry on this glorious work for Christ and fallen humanity, but the W. F. M. Society calls for the mites—the sacrifices. Bring them in, and the ever-watchful eye will smile an approval. R. H. Wood, Sec.

THE MOTHERS' MEETING AT HAMILTON CAMP-MEETING.

—The Mothers' Meeting at Hamilton Camp-meeting has become an Institution. Its commencement was small, but from year to year the interest has deepened and intensified.

With pleasure we learn that mothers not able to be present at the meetings, feel that they have sustained a loss.

It is hoped that these meetings may be considered as second in importance to no other, and that consequently such arrangements shall be made as to secure more time for these meetings.

Mrs. E. F. Porter, of East Boston, presiding, in her opening remarked that the most important question for mothers is—What are we doing for the spiritual interest of our children? She referred to the advantages for their physical and mental culture; and forced the question, What are we doing for the immortal, spiritual well-being of our children?

Mrs. Rev. Geo. Prentice, of Boston, followed by urging the necessity of making the conversion of children the special subject of prayer. Early childhood is the mothers' sowing-time; later years the fruit appears.

Some very interesting reports were made from different societies. Some experience was related, giving fresh courage, and new proof that God hears and answers prayer, and also that it has not been labor in vain that the Mothers' Meeting has been instituted.

We rejoice to see that the good time is coming, yes, is even at the door, when the women of this free and independent country shall be occupied by such pursuits as shall conduce to the physical, mental, and moral good of her children.

The following resolution was presented by Mrs. Prentice, and unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That we deem it expedient, that this important and intensely interesting subject be brought before all our people, and considering the vast numbers brought together at our Annual Camp-meetings, we propose to elect a committee at this meeting, whose duty it shall be to interest one or more persons in the different localities, that a Mothers' Meeting may be held, and something done to bring the attention of our mothers all over the land to this great work.

The following were appointed a Committee to carry the resolution into effect: Mrs. Rev. Dr. Thayer, Mrs. Rev. Geo.

Prentice, Mrs. Geo. P. Shinney, Mrs. E. F. Porter, Mrs. I. Pond, Mrs. Rev. Pliny Wood, Mrs. Gov. Wright, Mrs. Dr. Wm. Butler, Mrs. James, Mrs. Geo. P. Wilson, Lawrence.

It is hoped that Christian women in the different societies will form the "Mothers' Praying Circles."

Dear sisters, do we believe in united effort? Then unite in praying for the conversion of your children, and of those who have no mother to pray for them.

R. H. W., Secretary.

ASBURY GROVE CAMP MEETING.

Hamilton, during the last ten or a dozen years, has become famous for its copious rains during the week of camp-meeting. But this year, when, according to the wisdom of the ancients, we ought to have had rainy weather, the sun continued day after day to rise and set in unequalled splendor. Only once did any rain fall during the progress of the meeting, and that came on Saturday afternoon, breaking up the service at the stand, but multiplying them in the larger society tents, and putting the grounds in perfect condition for the multitudes who thronged them on the Sabbath.

THE GROUNDS.

since the close of the National Camp-meeting in June, had been thoroughly renovated, and presented at the opening of the meeting a most charming appearance. It was a happy thought that led to the selection of this particular spot for the purpose to which it is now consecrated. The magnificent growth of trees already there, with the prospect of an easy renewal of the grove in the years to come, the abundance of cool, sweet water, the dryness of the soil, the diversified surface of the land immediately surrounding the main circle, the perfect adaptation of the auditorium for the purpose of accommodating the thousands who listen to the preaching, and the peculiar stillness of the pine trees, as compared with oak or beech, render the grounds at Hamilton superior to any other in New England as yet occupied for camp-meetings.

THE ATTENDANCE

this year was twice as large as at the National meeting, and larger than at any previous meeting. It is possible that there have been more upon the grounds at some former occasions, on Thursdays, when the multitudes have usually visited the encampment, than on any single day of the recent meeting; but the aggregate and average attendance never was so large. Still, the capacity of the grounds is more than sufficient to meet the demands of more than twice as many people, if they should desire to be present. And, as far as can now be judged, the time is not far distant when such may be the attendance, if proper facilities are supplied.

THE MEETING

had been looked to with great anticipations by very many persons. The scenes of extraordinary power and blessing enjoyed in June had stimulated and developed in many an unusual amount of faith and fervor, and it was expected that those scenes would be repeated with still more wonderful displays of the mighty grace of God. It was felt that the same boundless resources of blessing were freely offered to supply the needs of our own churches, as had been drawn upon to furnish the hundreds who had worshipped God at the former meeting.

Tuesday, the appointed day of the Convention, was as lovely as could be desired, and many were present at the opening service, which was held in the afternoon, and consisted of prayer, singing, and brief remarks by several of the ministers. The first sermon was preached Tuesday evening, and the key-note of the meeting was struck, and it was found to be fully up to where we left off in June. As the meeting commenced, so it continued; the tide rose day by day, and mighty waves of mercy swept over all the encampment.

The preaching was remarkable for its simplicity and its power, for its tenderness and urgency, for its pathos and fire. If ever men preached the Gospel in its purity, they did at this meeting. Besides, there seemed to be perfect union among the ministers; whoever preached, he was sustained by the love, the sympathy, and the prayers of all his brethren; meanwhile, the people, beholding this spirit, were moved in the same direction, so that the preacher not only felt the upholding power of those upon the platform with him, but also that of the vast congregation. Under such circumstances, it was easy to preach, and the word was with power, and with much assurance, and with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

The sermons, for the most part, especially at first, were adapted to the wants of believers, pointing them to their exalted privileges in Christ, while they included the unconverted in their scope and application. The prayers and exhortations, for the good old way of making short exhortations after the sermons was adhered to, were fervent and pointed, while the singing was the blessed Methodist kind, only to be excelled when we cross the river.

The results of such efforts, when combined with an immense amount of private prayer, personal effort with sinners, and constant meetings in the society tents, were such as might have been expected.

From the first time, on Tuesday, when Christians seeking for full salvation were invited forward, until the closing service, the altar was invariably filled with souls striving for purity and pardon. It is probable that not less than three hundred and fifty penitents bowed at the altar, while many others sought salvation in the tent meetings, so that we are led to suppose from this, and from information gathered from various sources, that not less than three hundred were soundly converted.

Hundreds, if not thousands, sought for the blessing of perfect love, and it is believed that hundreds found it, though we have not been able to fix upon any definite number. But certainly Christians never more earnestly endeavored to gain this great and glorious experience. At almost every service persons of this class were at the altar, and on that never to be forgotten Saturday night, after that most memorable sermon by Rev. J. A. Lansing, on the text, "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost," so great was the desire manifested to seek the perfect work of God in the heart, that it was felt that the altar would be all too small to accommodate the people, and so the whole auditorium was made an altar, and all who were resolved to seek for the blessing of full salvation were invited to rise, when, with a single impulse, four fifths of the congregation sprang to their feet, and then for nearly an hour in silent and vocal prayer, interspersed with solemn songs of faith and consecration, the hundreds if not thousands of souls bowed before God, wrestled for the completion of the work of grace in the heart. Many were filled with all the fullness of God, and from that blessed hour they will date a new experience of the grace that saves and keeps.

THE SABBATH

at Hamilton was a blessed day. The Divine command, to "Remember the Sabbath and keep it holy," was not forgotten. No cars were run; no public conveyances of any kind were in motion; no countenance was given to the desecration of God's holy day; the gates were shut; the country all about and within the enclosure was as still almost as a real Puritan Sabbath. Under these circumstances, and no other, is it or can it be right to hold a Sabbath camp-meeting. But, held thus, it proved an unspeakable blessing to all who enjoyed it. The sacramental season in the morning fully opened the sacred day; the preaching was with power, and scores of sinners gave themselves away that day to God in a covenant never to be broken. Like, as at old sea-girt Eastham, so Christian men and women at Hamilton had the unconverted where they could not run away, enclosed as they were, within the limits of that high picket fence. As one brother expressed it, "hot shot at short range" was the order on the Sabbath, and the results were in harmony with the promises of God.

The love-feast on Monday was excellent, about two hundred and fifty speaking in a little over an hour. The closing service on Tuesday night was peculiar. Rev. D. Sherman, the Elder of the Lynn District, who had presided throughout the meeting with so much urbanity and success, proposed to vary, somewhat, the last exercise, and succeeded with the efficient help of Rev. A. Gould, of Peabody, the leader of the singing, in working up a service worthy of universal introduction.

After a brief sermon at the stand on Tuesday evening, the Presiding Elder collected the preachers around him, at the foot, and then reading the following Scriptures which he had before selected, they were repeated in concert by all the preachers, each verse of Scripture being followed by a verse or more of some familiar hymn sung by the whole congregation. The effect produced is perfectly indescribable, but to give those who were not there some idea of the service, we subjoin the passages of Scripture, and the verses of hymns used on the occasion.

[We have given some of the verses and hymns elsewhere. The rest were as follows:—ED. HERALD.]

Preachers.—"This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his distresses." Congregation.—"Take my poor heart, and let it be." Preachers.—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Congregation.—"Alas, and did my Saviour bleed," with "Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own." Preachers.—"Glory to God in the highest." Congregation.—"With joy the chorus we repeat." Preachers.—"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Congregation.—"Forever here my rest shall be." Preachers.—"For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." Congregation.—"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord." Preachers.—"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come." Congregation.—"Come, all ye souls, by sin oppressed."

Thank God, the life and power of a pure, spiritual Christianity still abides on earth, and more glorious scenes may be witnessed, and more sweeping victories realized, than these that have just transpired at Hamilton. When will those who are called to be saints, learn that one of them may chase a thousand, and two may put ten thousand to flight? When will they learn that speedily they may, if they will, conquer this world for Christ? Ah! brother, the world is waiting to be conquered, and Jesus calls us to the work. Let us follow where He leads, and soon the morning of the Millennium shall gladden the weary, longing souls of men. M.

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."—Num. xiv. 21.

THE POWER OF THE BIBLE.—The Bible Society Report gives some remarkable instances of the power of the Bible to save men. We select the following instances showing what the Bible is doing in India:—

"A day or two afterwards, when eight or ten miles away, he sent a man to ask them to come back to his village and explain the books. They went, and within one whole day and two nights, I believe, in his house, reading to him and explaining as best they could. The man was much interested, and with him two others said this must be the book of God, that they should not worship idols any more, but would believe in Jesus Christ. Two months ago they again visited the village. They were still firm in their belief, but

were hindered from making a public profession of religion on account of caste.

"Another instance much more pleasing I must relate. In January last, when returning from Tulla Konda Padu, I passed through a village called Pedidoro, about 8 o'clock in the evening; when half a mile this side of the village I saw three men running after my cart. I called to the cart-man to stop. The men came up, and without saying a word they put into my hands two books, which upon examination I found to be the Gospel by Luke, and the tract, 'Where are you going?' Upon inquiry I found that the three men were of the Marriage caste (shoemakers and leather dressers), father and two sons. They had heard that the white teacher, missionary, would pass through their village, and had kept some one watching all the afternoon that they might see him. But he came so late and quiet that not until he had come and gone were they informed of the fact. Hence to overtake him they set out running at full speed.

"The books they received one year previously, more or less, and had been informed that they told of the true God. They could not read themselves when the books were given to them, and being of such a low caste no one would read to them, or teach them that they might read themselves. The father grew more and more anxious to know the contents of the two volumes, and after much effort he found a man in another village who was willing to teach his two sons to read. The younger son went, and in due time was able to read, and returned to his father. The books were read. The father and mother and oldest son immediately believed, and in this state they came to me. For an hour I preached to them—told them as simply as possible the story of the Saviour in heaven, prayed with them, invited them to come to Ongole, and he is now here, and by God's blessing he will make an efficient minister."

"What has the result been? The father and mother, and oldest son and his wife, have been baptized, and are, I firmly believe, God's own children; and through their labors, unaided by any one in any way, were hearing the Gospel when they came to Ongole, a distance of twenty miles, nine others, living in two villages near, have also believed and been baptized, and a goodly number of others are serious inquirers. The oldest son seemed so zealous and so intelligent and anxious to learn to read, that two months ago I gave him permission to come to Ongole, and he is now here, and by God's blessing he will make an efficient minister."

AFRICA.—We have previously called attention to the great revival interest at Monrovia, Africa. The work there is wonderful. Mr. Richardson, a devoted missionary, writes to the *Missionary Magazine* as follows:—

"I am at a perfect loss for language to lay before you the most cheering prospects which are before us in this most interesting field of missionary labor."

"I have been in Africa forty-one years, watching with no little interest the progress of the Gospel of Christ; and I am prepared to say truthfully that such bright and cheering prospects have never been witnessed by any one before. Throughout Liberia the kind visitation of the Spirit of Almighty God has been felt, convincing sinners of the error of their way, and quickening cold-hearted professors to a sense of their duty."

"Sinners of all grades and tribes have bowed to the mild sway of Jesus Christ, speaking with glad hearts the wonderful goodness and the love of God shed abroad in their hearts."

"The heathen all around us are stepping into the Gospel pool and are being made whole. Glory, glory be to God, the darkness of idolatry and vice is fast receding, while the light of the glorious Gospel is spreading far and near. It would gladden your heart and strengthen your faith to be here to witness what is going on."

ITALY.—The truth is spreading in Italy. The people are asking for the Gospel, and they must have it. Rev. William Clark, laboring under the direction of the "American and Foreign Christian Union," writes most encouragingly of the work there. He says:—

"How thankful I am to God that I am able to speak the Slavic, for it is the language of ninety-five hundredths of all the people with whom I come in contact. I am thus able to preach Christ to those people who for fifteen centuries sat in darkness, and such is their readiness to hear the Gospel that I succeed in sowing much of its good seed among them."

In his travels, he visited a neighboring village, and respecting it, he says:—

"In Castelli, one hour distant, where I often visit, I find very many, both men and women, who gladly listen to the truth. They bring also their children with them to the place where we meet, and ask me to speak to them; and in talking with them of the Saviour in a simple and familiar way, I always have their whole attention."

Mr. Clark finds even the Mohammedans willing to hear him. He writes:—

"Some time since I was cordially received into the house of one of the principal citizens of Spalatro, and for many weeks my visits have been frequent in his family. A few days ago, meeting him in the street, he said to me, 'There are now two Mohammedans from Bosnia in my house, come in and preach the Gospel to them.' I accordingly, not waiting to be twice asked, followed him to his house, and found the two. They were father and son, traders, who had come a great distance to make purchases. I at once spoke to them in Slavic, and for more than an hour conversed with them of the Bible as the Word of God, of Christ as His beloved Son, His divinity, purity of life, love, and sacrifice for us sinners. They manifested deep interest in all that I said, and the son, who was about twenty years of age, often approved enthusiastically. When I left they received a Testament with many thanks, and cordially invited me to visit them in their country."

SPAIN.—The work of the Lord is progressing in Spain. The whole country seems to be inquiring after the truth—it is ripe for the Gospel. A correspondent of the *London Christian Work* says: "Without going beyond a limited radius from Madrid, there are towns in all directions where the people are longing to hear the Gospel message. Were there men to send, congregations await them wherever they might set their foot. 'The fields are white.' Let the whole Church of God cry to the Lord of the harvest that He send men into His harvest."

THE CENTURY OF MISSIONS.—The modern missionary enterprise dates back less than one hundred years, and what has been accomplished in saving the heathen during the time? There are now 86 missionary societies, supported by 40,000 missionaries, who preach the Gospel in 15,000 localities, and for the support of whom \$5,000,000 are contributed annually. This is a most wonderful instrumentality created and sustained by the voluntary and cheerful offering of Christian people. In Asia and Africa, 1,400,000 converts from heathenism are enrolled—a glorious army to spread the truth and convert the heathen world to Christ. What work in the 19th century so grand and noble as this! Let the Church give thanks and praise to God for such a wonderful triumph of truth!

ONWARD.—The Church has learned that the M. E. Missionary Society is moving her forces to the front. She is sending out more missionaries at present than at any one time before. It is a glorious move—an onwarch march of the host of God to take the world for Christ. It will move the heart of the Church—awaken a new interest in the cause of missions, and lead to a more full consecration of her wealth to this noble work. The light shines—the day dawns—the latter-day glory will soon more fully appear in the Christianization and salvation of the nations. Onward for the conquest of the world!

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

BAPTIST.

Twenty years ago Mr. and Mrs. Saker, of the Baptist Missionary Society, London, settled among the African tribes at the Cameroons. They taught the people to make houses of framed timber and of brick, have reduced the language to writing and translated the Bible, which they are now engaged in printing.

MORAVIANS.

The Moravians, or United Brethren, in America report a membership of 25,000, being an increase of 425 over last year. The denomination employs 67 missionaries in Europe and over 300 among the heathen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BIBLE IN SPAIN.—A correspondent thus writes from Madrid to the *Christian World*:—

Upon the very spot where lie the remains of 36,000 of our fellow-creatures who suffered martyrdom during the time of the Spanish Inquisition, and which has lately been excavated, stands a man of faith with the Bible in his hand, and offers one of the Gospels of the New Testament for a half-penny. In a few hours hundreds are bought, and all the half-pence are laid out in bread and meat for the poor Spaniards.

Your readers will also be glad to know that a large distribution of the Word has been effected at the fair of San Isidro, near Madrid, where a very large number of Bibles, Testaments, and portions have been sold during its eleven days' duration.

The general sale and distribution of portions of the Scripture printed in Madrid, for the committee of the Bible stand, in the Crystal Palace, amounts now to considerably more than a quarter of a million, 200,000 of which have already been placed in the hands of different people.

One of the objects on which the hearts of the leaders of the Scottish Establishment are set is the abolition of patronage in the settlement of ministers. This, of course, can only be effected through the intervention of Parliament, so far as the legal aspect of the question is concerned; but virtually the members of the State Church have so far secured assent to the principle of popular election that the patrons for the most part now present to vacant livings the men on whom the congregations are united.

The population of Scotland is about 3,300,000, of whom about 500,000 decline to be classified or to be ecclesiastical in any way. Among these are the Moravians, Irvingites, and Primitive Methodists. Making this reduction, it appears that there is in Scotland one church for about 525 of all persons of fit age to attend—a larger supply, it is said, than exists in any other part of the world, except the Papal States and the City of London.

Père Hyacinthe offers his services for the defense of Paris. "It is not permitted," he writes to the mayor of the fifth arrondissement of Paris, "for a priest to take the sword except in a moment of supreme danger; but there is nothing to prevent him making himself useful with the pick and shovel. To-morrow, after mass, I hold myself at your orders. Vive la France!"

THE HEDDING CONTROVERSY.

We hardly expected a sentence in an article on another theme, would bring on such a conflict. But it may be healthful. We have the following notes in approval of the position of Mr. King:—

Please allow me to give my full approval of the article over the signature of D. S. King, in reply to an article by Rev. L. D. Bentley, of the Providence Conference. Bro. King, by a statement of facts, enters into a defense of the views and conduct of our highly esteemed friend, the venerable Bishop Hedding. Bro. Bentley's errors are now happily corrected by the pen of Bro. King. Those who knew the Bishop best, esteemed him highest. Read the article, brethren, it will give you light. See HERALD, July 23. A. D. SARGENT.

Allow me to express my profound satisfaction with, and gratitude to D. S. King, esq., for his triumphant vindication of Bishop Hedding, published in ZION'S HERALD this week. It is so clear, direct, and so fully sustained by facts, that I can but think, even Bro. Bentley himself (good man that I believe him to be), will thank Bro. K. for disabusing his mind of an unfortunate prejudice he may have innocently imbibed and entertained.

To few of our ecclesiastical fathers is Methodism so largely indebted as to Bishop Hedding. He honored me with his friendship and confidence; and while, with many others, I strongly sympathized in his sentiments, I keenly felt the injustice of the imputations cast upon him. "The times" were exciting and trying, and many uncharitable words were uttered and printed, which had better been suppressed. Probably I was as faulty as any. But it is never too late to make amends. From a higher and more luminous standpoint than he occupied on earth, I doubt not Bishop Hedding has reviewed his course with little regret, because marked by honesty, integrity, and charity. Again I thank Bro. King for his able and excellent article. J. B. HUSTON.

North Cohasset, July 23.

Bro. Bentley has written a long defense of his views, for which we have not room. We give its most important points. The first point he makes we allow to be published, though we think Bro. Bentley is mistaken; his antagonist not objecting to the ultrances of the

abolitionism, but to the infidelity, invectives, and other qualities it had mixed up with it:—

"The grave charges" of Bro. King against me, and others, in THE HERALD of July 28, demand a reply. The reader will bear in mind, that that kind of anti-slaveryism which Bro. King has denominated "ultra," "wild, and irrational," and was in the hands of "reckless parties," "disorganizers," and "extremists," has taken full possession of the platform of public opinion, both in Church and State. That kind of anti-slaveryism which, he says, "in 1839, the anti-slavery people of Massachusetts found it necessary to separate from," is now the only anti-slaveryism that is respected; in proof of which, I refer to the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States, the acts of the present administration of the General Government, and those of the General Conference of our Church, in appointing colored men to some of the highest offices in their gift, and of Annual Conferences receiving those of African blood as members, thus allowing them to be their peers, and of colleges in admitting them as students, and allowing them, in many instances, to take tangible proof of their superiority in scholastic attainments; and last, not least, Southern States making them senators, etc. The "super-ultra" Methodist Abolitionists' sought for, demanded, and obtained the privileges described above, for that class of men, who were not allowed in many Methodist churches to go with the white brethren to the sacramental table, but must wait and go by themselves.

"I shall not follow Bro. King through all of his classical and well-arranged article. The quotation he has given from the address of Bishop Hedding, at the New Hampshire Conference, shows conclusively, to my mind, that the Bishop held the doctrine, that the Bible—even the Sermon on the Mount—sanctioned slavery in some form, for he says, "The right to hold a slave is founded on this rule," and quotes Matt. vii. 12. Now the reader will remember, that owners of slaves always interpreted and applied the Scriptures,—the slave had no voice in this matter. What are the Scriptures worth, interpreted or explained by Universalists, Deists, or Socinians? If the slave ever received any benefit from the teachings of the Scriptures, as interpreted by their masters, it was in amelioration, not in emancipation, with a few exceptions.

"In my article on Lay Delegation, I expressed an opinion in regard to what were the feelings of Bishop Hedding when the General Conference, by vote, reflected upon the acts of those who had, in the opinion of a majority of its members, done wrong by attending anti-slavery meetings, etc. Bro. King characterized my article as a 'rude attack' upon the 'chief ministers,' and attempted to prove that Bishop Hedding was an anti-slavery man. In reply, I endeavored to show that the Bishop was not an anti-slavery man, in the New England sense of the meaning of that word. I quoted from a book written by Bro. Matlack, an honored Christian minister.

"Bro. King has something to say in regard to what I have written of the action of Bishop Hedding respecting colored testimony. He says: 'The truth in this case is precisely the reverse from what Bro. Bentley represents it to have been.' Is this true? I admit that he is correct in saying, 'Every delegate from all the New England Conferences voted No,' but does that prove them to have not been in favor of receiving the testimony of colored persons in Church trials? Why did they vote against a reconsideration? Because the vote was not simply to reconsider, but to amend also, and the amendment was to virtually leave the whole matter with the Annual Conferences. They were to decide whether colored people should be allowed to testify, or not, thus sanctioning their past practice in this matter. I here venture another opinion, namely, had Bishop Hedding voted, being so highly conservative, and desiring so much the cessation of agitation on the subject, he would have voted with the majority, and not with the anti-slavery men.

"As to the resolutions passed by the New England Conference, which Bro. King has appended to his article, I beg the reader to remember, that the general Christian character or ability of Bishop Hedding is not in dispute. He was 'a great and good man,' as Abraham, Noah, David, and Peter were good men, but that he was an anti-slavery man, according to the New England standard, I do not believe, notwithstanding the labored effort of Bro. King to make it appear so. 'I shall not stultify myself' with the idea that Bishop Hedding was an anti-slavery man of the New England type, or that any person who has been a hearty and true Abolitionist, and is properly informed, in regard to the Bishop's feelings and sentiments on that subject, will believe him to have been a faithful and sympathizing confidant. The best of men have been mistaken sometimes, and I have no doubt if Bishop Hedding could now speak, he would deeply regret much that he said and did, and did not do, in regard to slavery. 'To err, is human'; to confess and forsake, is to ensure mercy; and to humble ourselves, is the way to be exalted. We believe, as a Church, in going on to perfection, but if our chief ministers have made no progress, there is but little hope of the ordinary class. Mr. Wesley and Dr. Clarke make some very erroneous views, but we need not feel particularly grieved because some writer may allude to them.

"He says: 'It is worthy of notice, that Bro. Bentley offers no proof,' etc., and in the last, he asks, 'Will Phineas Grandall, James Porter, and Daniel Wise, and that class of men endorse the statements of Bro. Bentley, as he supposes?' Not much. In relation to this declaration, I will inform Bro. King, that one of those brethren he has named above, has written me a very complimentary letter respecting my article on Lay Delegation, in which he makes especial mention of that part of it which refers to the Bishop. The fact is, there is too much of a desire manifested in some quarters to make it appear that our 'chief ministers' have always been on the right side.

"Finally, bless the Lord, Bro. King says he and I 'fully agree' in one thing. Let us agree in another, namely, never to misrepresent any one for the sake of carrying a point. I am willing, and expect the intelligent, candid reader will make up his mind which of us has given the correct version of Bishop Hedding's views in regard to slavery. In one sense, I believe he was an anti-slavery man, but of the colonization stamp. And if it will do any good to Bro. King, or others, I will say, also, that I think he was something like Mr. Lincoln, who would save the Union, with or without slavery. Bishop Hedding would have saved the Church with slavery first, if he could; that is, with slaveholders in it; and if he could not, he would, to save the Church, have had them all turned out. Either way would have had his approval, if all agitation of the subject would only cease. You might as well undertake to get a sinner converted without conviction, or drink up the waters of the ocean through a mosquito's bill, as to think of bringing about the freedom of slaves by such means. I hope, if I have succeeded in any sense in vindicating Bro. Matlack and myself, it will give you and many others the same pleasure it did in having Bishop Hedding vindicated.

"Norwich, Aug. 7, 1870.

L. D. BENTLEY."

We suppose all our readers will "bless the Lord," with Bro. Bentley, over that word "finally," and let the good Bishop rest with his fathers. He was, probably, a stronger anti-slavery man than Bro. Bentley thinks, one who, had he not been a Bishop, might have had the greater honor of being President of the N. E. Conference Anti-Slavery Society.

The Farm and Garden.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.

Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address the Editor, care of ZION'S HERALD.

SECURE THE MUCK.—This year will be known in time to come as the dry year of 1870, for it has been one of the driest, as well as one of the hottest we have experienced for many years. The water is low everywhere, and many places are quite dry, where water usually stands in small quantities at least, even in summer. Now this is the very best time to secure a supply of muck, not merely enough for one year, but a large quantity, that will last for years. On some farms the muck is so situated that it can be dug almost any season, while on others it can only be dug in a dry one. There are many small ponds that are only dry enough to be worked in such a season as this, where the rich muck has been gathering for many years. Let such places be worked this year. Put the muck in large heaps, with even top and sides, when it is to lie year after year, so that the weeds that come up can be mowed off. Some who adopt this course of heaping up muck, throw the heap over once each season, and thus not only keep down the weeds, but make the same fine and nice for use in the manure heap or elsewhere. When there is a plenty of this material, it may profitably be spread on dry and gravelly lands, and ploughed in after it has had one or more years exposure. It can be used to good advantage with lime, and, in fact, we think it well always to sweeten it by the use of lime before using it.

C. R. inquires "if decayed vegetable matter mixed with lime and ashes is suitable for the flower garden, strawberry beds, grape-vines and young fruit-trees, or is it better adapted to field crops?"

We see no reason why the material you speak of may not profitably be used for all the purposes referred to, though we should prefer other manure for the flower garden and strawberry bed. The decayed vegetable matter is good almost anywhere. Some soils are not in the least benefited by the use of lime, while this same substance on other soils produces good results; wood ashes can hardly be misapplied. We never raised a better crop of strawberries than we have raised with ashes. In using such manure we should always plough or dig it in thoroughly. Too much lime will injure the roots of young trees, and we have known many such killed outright by the use of the manure from the glue-maker's shop that contains a large quantity of lime. Grape-vines receive benefit from a moderate use of ashes and lime.

WINDFALL APPLES.—This season the apple crop promises to be large. It is now time to save all the windfalls, both sweet and sour, and make use of them, the former to be fed to pigs, if one has them, and the latter to be made into cider for vinegar, or the whole so treated. Of late years, owing to the scarcity of this fruit, cider vinegar has been both scarce and high, and many have been obliged to use vinegar made from slops or something worse. Now, we all need some acid both to make some kinds of food palatable, and for our own health as well, for we find that the human system in the spring of the year, if at no other time, craves and will have some acid. No vinegar can be better than that made from cider, and we hope all our farmer friends may be induced, for reasons that may present themselves to their good judgment, to save the windfall fruit and make vinegar of it. That which is good enough to be sold for cooking purposes can easily be sorted out. Let us not forget, with our abundance of fruit, that there are others who have none, and to whom a basket of apples, even for cooking purposes, would be something of a luxury. Let us send them along once in a while, and make some heart the lighter for such a favor received.

WORK FOR THE SEASON.—Repair your drains and build new ones.

SOW DOWN your lands to grass, if it has been up long enough.

SOW RYE AND WHEAT the last of August, or early in September.

DIG UP the early planted potatoes. Keep them in a dark and cool cellar.

STIR often among the cabbages.

THE PANSY.—This favorite little flower has a place in the affections of every florist, which can be filled by no other. It has an individuality which no other flower possesses, and persons who are ordinarily indifferent to botanical beauties instinctively stop to look at a bed of pansies. They are more-over easily cultivated, and by proper care a constant succession of blossoms can be kept up for six or eight months. Cuttings do better than seedlings under ordinary circumstances. These should be taken from the end of a shoot, and cut off close below a joint. Strip off the lower leaves and set in rows three inches apart. The soil must be well stirred, worked fine, covered with a layer of fine compost, and this again with fine white sand. Set the cuttings firmly in the soil, pressing it around them with the fingers. When all are set, water moderately, and if convenient cover with hand-

glasses. With this treatment they should be ready for pots in six weeks or thereabout. The pansy never blossoms so well as in its early days, and therefore it is important to keep up a constant succession of young plants in order to secure the most satisfactory results. In cultivating for new varieties the most beautiful and perfect flowers are selected, and the seeds carefully retained. Pansies may be propagated by layers. The young shoots are bent down and covered with fine mould, leaving only the extreme points exposed. When they have taken root they are separated from the parent stock and transplanted. Pansies thrive best in very rich soil, and in a somewhat shady situation, where the noonday sun will not fall upon them. An unparing use of liquid manure has a great effect in producing large blossoms. Seed may be sown broadcast as soon as it is ripe, during the spring and summer. When the young shoots appear, the poorest are pulled up and the best are transplanted to beds, and set at least a foot and a half apart. Transplanting must always be done on a dark or rainy day. — *Christian Union.*

WHEN TO PRUNE APPLE-TREES.—A correspondent of the Times, Watertown, N. Y., gives the following result of his experience in pruning apple-trees:—"It has long been a practice among farmers to begin pruning apple-trees in February, mainly, I suppose, because there is leisure time. There are reasons why this should not be done. There will not be sufficient action in the tree to harden the surface where a limb has been taken off before the sap ascends in the spring. When this action does take place, the sap flows out and spreads over the surrounding bark, and by chemical action is changed to a poisonous fluid, which greatly injures the tree. Trim your fruit-trees in August, and I will guarantee you will have no black-hearted trees."

The Righteous Dead.

SUSANNAH NEWCOMB, died in Wellfleet, Aug. 12, in the 38th year of her age.

Herself and husband were converted sixty years ago, and witnessed a good profession till their discharge. She was a woman of eccentric and positive character, strong faith in God, consistent and active religion, and left a worthy record of her life.

DEBORAH HARDING, of the same church, aged 72, took her passage across the river the same day.

For fifty years she was a devoted Christian woman, bore with cheerful heroism the cares of a very large family in trial and poverty, trained them for God, and had a mother's richest delight in seeing nearly all of them follow her precepts as she was parted from them. They rise up, and pronounce her name and memory blessed. Her end was peace. *A. J. CHURCH.*
Aug. 23.

Died, in North Waldboro', Mo., Feb. 21, 1870, Mrs. EVA BONHEIMER, aged 21 years and 4 months.

Her sun is gone down while it was yet day. About three years since, with fair prospects of continued life and happiness, she was united in marriage with him who now mourns her early exit from earth. As a wife she was affectionate and true; as a friend, thoughtful and kind; as a daughter, she was obedient and faithful, ever bringing pleasure to her parents' hearts. Her last illness was short, but severe. May the Lord sanctify the affliction to the family. *J. B. BEAN.*

EFFIE CECIL, youngest child of the late Rev. James B. and N. A. Crawford, died in Brunswick, Me., Aug. 11, 1870, aged 4 years.

Effie was a child with whom none could long be acquainted without loving. She was the joy of her mother and sisters, the sunlight of the little household, and the favorite of all the neighborhood. From her playmates to those of seven years. Her illness was brief, and she suffered but little. Before the disease had assumed an alarming attitude, she said to the family and to the writer repeatedly, "I shall die and go to heaven, as father did." Her child! she was more wise than her seniors! for little did we think that we should so soon see her words verified. Many are the fond memories of little Effie which are cherished in the hearts of her widowed mother and fatherless sisters, and hardly less, in the hearts of her many friends, but they have the assurance that "of such our Heavenly Father's kingdom is." *Ranger, August, 1870. MERRITT C. BEAL.*

BRO. JAMES SOPEN died in Dixmont, Me., Aug. 6, aged 30 years and 6 months.

He was a native of Henneock, Devonshire, England. It was during a general revival of religion on that circuit, under the ministry of the Rev. Paul Orchard, about fifty-five years ago, that he became the subject of awakening power, professed faith in Christ, and joined the Wesleyan Society. In 1833, he, with his family, emigrated to this State, and he and his wife transferred their membership to the M. E. Church. She was a great lover and reader of THE HERALD, always ready to witness for Jesus, and to advocate the cause of religion. She fell asleep in Christ some two years and six months ago. They gave united evidence of their attachment to the Church of their choice, first, by contributing of their substance to its support, and also by making their house a welcome home for the weary itinerant.

Bro. S. was a good neighbor, a warm friend, a kind and indulgent parent. The children, — three sons and two daughters, — although residing in different States, — were provisionally all at home to witness life's closing scene. May Heaven deal kindly with them for their love and devotion to their departed parents. *Hampden Corner, Aug. 27, 1870. C. L. BROWNING.*

Mrs. ALICE HATHAWAY, wife of Dwight Hathaway, and daughter of Alfred and Amanda Pease, died near Warehouse Point, Ct., July 23, aged 29 years.

Sister H. joined the M. E. Church in this place in 1860, since which time she has been an exemplary and devoted Christian. For two years her health has been feeble, during which time she has been ripening in the Christian life. In her last sickness, though a great sufferer, she was patient, cheerful, and hopeful; and in her death triumphant, confidently expecting a glorious resurrection. *Warehouse Point, August, 1870. L. W. BLOOD.*

SURAN, wife of Rev. Zebah Washburn, died in China, Me., July 30, aged 78 years and 6 months.

The departed was born in Reading, Mass., and born of the Spirit in 1843, under the labors of Rev. E. W. Ayer. As she began to study the Word of God, she was convinced that there was more in store for her. In about four months after her conversion she sought and obtained the witness that Jesus was able to save unto the uttermost. And ever after, her testimony in class and prayer-meetings, and in private conversation, was, "I have great peace." In all her afflictions, no murmuring words fell from her lips. But her language ever was, "The Lord doeth all things well. She was naturally very timid; but when conversing with her husband, a short time before her departure, she said, 'I shall probably go suddenly, but I am not afraid to die.' So it was. On the day when her husband and daughter thought she was improving in health, the Master called, and peacefully she entered into rest.

"Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That fade not here an end;
Were this fall world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest."

China, Aug. 29.

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EAST MACHIAS CAMP-MEETING.

The meeting commenced Monday evening, Aug. 23, with a prayer-meeting at the stand, led by Rev. E. A. Heimerhausen, Presiding Elder of Bucksport District. It was evident, from the beginning, that the Church had been looking upward, for the power came down, and an earnest desire for the salvation of souls, as well as a determination to labor for it, was clearly to be seen. The brethren were ready to praise Jesus in the good old Methodist way, and tears mingled with songs, while shouts of victory accompanied the testimonies of the faithful ones.

The first sermon was preached by S. L. Hanscom, of Deer Isle, on Tuesday morning; J. H. Buale, of Oulter, in the afternoon; and T. B. Tupper, of Calais, in the evening.

Wednesday.—H. H. Clark, of the Seminary at Bucksport, preached in the morning; E. B. Fletcher, the old soldier of the cross, in the afternoon; and H. W. Bolton, of Houlton, in the evening.

Thursday.—Bro. Pitblado, of St. Andrews, N. B., in the morning; Dr. Hare, of Tremont Street Church, Boston, in the afternoon; and L. L. Hanscom, of Camden, in the evening.

Friday.—E. Davies, of East Machias, in the morning; Bro. Smith, from Milltown, N. B., in the afternoon; E. A. Boyden, of Tremont, in the evening.

I have not given the themes of the different preachers, for I never before heard the Saviour so faithfully presented. The theme was Jesus, from the beginning to the end, and as such, a subject always makes up for any lack elsewhere. The preaching was excellent, just what was needed; and, best of all, God owned it in the conversion of souls. We were wonderfully aided by the brethren who came from abroad to help us. Dr. Hare, Bro. Pitblado and Smith, from New Brunswick, and Bolton, from Aroostook, labored faithfully, and did much to advance the blessed cause; nor would we forget the faithful labors of Bro. Henry Furnas, a layman from your city, who took charge of a service for the children, and one for the young people each day of the meeting. Very many of the little ones were led to start for heaven; and in other services he bore a kindly part.

The meetings in the tents were excellent, the morning meetings at the stand were glorious, and the love-feast, on Friday morning, was not only refreshing to the brethren, but the fire reached the hearts of the unconverted. The Methodist idea of holiness was brought more prominently before us than at any former meeting, and with blessed results, as I hope the revivals of this fall and winter may prove, for when the Church are united in labor and in heart, the work is sure to prosper.

The police department, under the supervision of Bro. Samuel Longfellow, of Machias, was very successful in preserving good order, not only on the ground, but in the vicinity; and we shall not be sorry if the same brethren have this part of the work to do in the years to come.

The meetings on this ground have been increasing in interest from year to year; and we believe, though we have no statistics, that there were more conversions this year than in any of the years gone by. God has always come very near this ground, but somehow we seem to see Him more plainly as the seasons pass.

As we close up this report, a word for the worthy Presiding Elder will not be out of place. He has had the care of the camp-meeting, and has had more of general oversight than usually falls to the lot of Presiding Elder, during the four years past, and it is no undeserved compliment to say that he has shown his usual good judgment in the work. Harmony and good will have prevailed. He has kindly borne with our short-comings, and has been a faithful guide.

AROOSTOOK CAMP-MEETING.

The second Aroostook Camp-meeting has just closed, being equally as good as the one held last year. The interest for Camp-meetings in this sec-

tion of country seems to have increased, as many tents were erected in addition to last year, and the congregation was much larger. It is quite encouraging, for those more especially interested in the cause of religion, to see so many leaving their farms in the middle of the harvest season, and come to spend a week in prayer and praise to Almighty God. Thank God, many have returned to their homes with a portion of His grace in their hearts, feeling that the week was profitably spent, and have been led to exclaim, "It was good for us to be there."

Monday Evening, Aug. 15. The meeting was opened with prayer by our much loved Presiding Elder, Rev. George Pratt, in which the whole encampment was dedicated anew to the service of God; followed by a sermon from these words: "Lord, increase our faith." The Bro. impressed upon the minds of all present the necessity of having a pure and a living faith—a faith that brings down the power of God.

Tuesday morning, preaching at the stand from St. John 9: 25, by A. S. Townsend, of Eastport. Afternoon, by M. D. Matthew of Lincoln, text St. John 18: 38. Evening, E. French preached from 1 Cor. 6: 20.

Wednesday, social meeting at the stand. Holiness was the chief object sought, and some received the promised blessing. At 10 o'clock E. Davies preached from St. John 5: 6. Afternoon H. W. Bolton, of Houlton, preached, text Amos 4: 12. Many felt the necessity of preparing to meet God.

Evening. N. Whitney of Fort Fairfield, preached from 1 Peter 2: 6.

Thursday morning H. P. Blood, of South Weston, urged the church to obtain entire sanctification. His text was 1 Thess. 5: 23, 24.

Afternoon. Mr. Percival, of Florenceville, N. B., preached from Psa. 8: 4, 5, and in evening J. Morse, of Patten, spoke from St. John 14: 27.

Friday morning, Social meeting at the stand—Many testified to the power of God to save, even to the uttermost. The blessings came abundantly and the feast grows richer. We were permitted to "brat the celestial air and taste angel's food." Preaching at 10 o'clock, by J. Addy, of Woodstock, N. B., from Psa. 90: 16, 17. Afternoon by N. Tremis from Ezekiel 33: 11. And in the evening S. Boody, text Rom. 1: 16.

The prayer-meetings in the tents were seasons of interest, being graced by the presence of the Master. While mortals sang praises to God, while shouts of glory and hallelujahs came from hearts made glad by the blessings of the Gospel, angels were rejoicing in heaven over sinners repenting and backsliders returning to God. J. M. PATTEN, ME., Aug. 23d, 1870.

The Secular World.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

Duke's Block, in Chicago, was destroyed by fire on the 4th; loss about \$3,000,000, and several lives.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

It is almost impossible, out of the tangle of contradictory reports and rumors that come to us from the seat of war, to pick out the end or the beginning of the thread. It appears, however, that a great battle was fought at Beaumont on Wednesday, 31st ult. McMahon, it seems, was desirous of gaining the Belgian frontier, in order to effect a junction with Bazaine. The Prussians advanced against him on three lines.

The Crown Prince marched northward by way of Commercy, Bar-le-Duc, St. Dizier, and Vitry; the new fourth army, under the Crown Prince of Saxony, keeping north of Pont-a-Mousson, moved toward Reims; at the same time observing Metz, while Steinmetz, reinforced, proceeded toward Verdun and Reims, his right wing sweeping the Belgian frontier, in the hope of meeting McMahon. The German advance thus covered the whole country from Belgium along the Meuse to the Aube, making it impossible for McMahon to reach Metz, while the Prince Royal's army, in all probability, held a central or pivotal position between Metz and Verdun, prepared to resist Bazaine or to reinforce either of the three advancing armies.

Finding himself thus thwarted in his plan of joining Bazaine, McMahon seems to be sullenly retiring toward Paris by a circuit along the frontier, and past the fortified towns of Sedan and Metziers. On Saturday morning, he was at Stenay; on Sunday, he retired to Vouziers and Bethel; but the Belgian accounts report him, on Tuesday, at Sedan, with the Prince Imperial, and hourly expecting the Emperor, who has since reached Sedan. The Prince hastened forward to Avesnes, leaving the Emperor, whose illness had prevented him from traveling rapidly. The French army, on Tuesday and Wednesday, lay between Sedan and Buzancy, and from the latter point westward to Bethel. Along this southern line the skirmishes of Attigny and Buzancy took place, while on their northeastern exposure the French were attacked at Stenay and Mouzon, and official dispatches show that the Prussians on that day gained a substantial victory. On Wednesday an assault

was made at Beaumont, which seems to have pierced their centre and sent them back upon Sedan, with heavy losses.

Dispatches from Berlin and London, to the 2d inst., give reports of two additional great battles, one at Sedan, between McMahon and the Crown Prince, on Thursday, and another at Metz, between Bazaine and Prince Charles, which began on Wednesday and ended on Thursday. In both, according to the most trustworthy reports, the French were defeated. In Paris, however, there is great rejoicing over reported French victories at Carignan and Metz on Wednesday. Nothing of importance respecting the battles of Thursday has yet been made public in that city. A force of 3,000 French soldiers, taking with them two guns, sought safety from the Prussians on Belgian soil. They were at once disarmed and sent to a military camp. Wounded Prussians who cross the line have been humanely cared for. The German official bulletins and the reports of special correspondents from Belgium towns near the scene of the fighting furnish what information there is. The French capital seems not to be in communication with either McMahon or Bazaine. In London there was a rumor that Napoleon was dead, and in Paris it was reported that King William was insane. Some French sharpshooters have made a bold dash across the Rhine, capturing some Prussian supplies. Popular demonstrations in Germany appear to favor an energetic continuance of the war until guarantees of a permanent peace can be secured.

The latest dispatches assert that the armies of McMahon and the Crown Prince were having another terrific struggle on the 2d.

LATEST.

Early on the morning of the 2d inst. the Emperor Napoleon and the army of McMahon surrendered to King William. Napoleon's words to the King were: "Since I cannot die at the head of my army, I lay my sword at the feet of your Majesty." The news was received with immense enthusiasm in Berlin. In Paris there was talk of resistance. There may yet be a fearful struggle in that city.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A great meeting was held in Dublin, on the 2d, in favor of the restoration of the seat of the local government to Ireland.

Farragut's memory was honored by the British fleet at Spithead on the 2d.

HESAR.

A conference of Roman Catholic Bishops has been held in Tula, in which it was resolved never to submit to the Ecumenical Council on the infallibility question.

TURKEY.

There has recently been a great fire in the seaport town of Samven, Asia Minor, by which five hundred houses and six churches were destroyed. Another fire is reported in Yerridge, Macedonia; also another at Maldivia, where 1,800 houses were consumed.

CHINA.

Private telegrams from Peking announce that another massacre had been committed by the Chinese of that city. The British Consul is said to have been among the victims.

GOSSIPGRAPHS.

Baltimore arrests boys for selling Sunday papers, and Boston doesn't.

From the way they are collecting vast stores of food in Paris, the inference is plain that they are in favor there of a "provisional" government.

A bazaar lately took place in London in aid of the "Homes for Lost and Starving Dogs."

Connecticut makes 10,719,000,000 pins a year. Notwithstanding which, she is still pinning away.

The tallest tree yet measured is an Australian, of the Myrtle family, and of the genus *Eucalyptus*. It is four hundred and eighty feet long, or high; but in diameter inferior to the larger Californians.

A British livery stable-keeper presented the following bill for the use of a horse:—

Amos	10s. 00d.
Amos	00 6d.
Amos	00 6d.
Amos	00 6d.
Amos	00 6d.
Amos	00 6d.
Amos	00 6d.
Amos	00 6d.
Amos	00 6d.
Amos	00 6d.

—The navy of North Germany has but one Admiral, Prince Adalbert of Prussia, whose pay is \$3,350 per year, besides \$1,750 for "table money." The Vice-Admiral gets \$3,200, and each of the two Rear-Admirals \$2,350. A British Admiral gets \$3,850, besides \$7,950 for table money. The difference in economy in the two navies is much the same throughout.

—The consumption of wood in the United States is enormous. Railway sleepers alone require 150,000 acres of the best timber every year. The annual expenditure for railway buildings, repairs and cars, is \$38,500,000. The locomotives in the United States consume \$56,000,000 worth of the

article. Wood industry amounts to \$300,000,000, in which there are 40,000 artisans.

—The congregation of a well-known church in the south of Scotland has recently had under discussion the question of the proper attitude in prayer. James M., rather a character in the town, being asked by a lady of the congregation if he wanted to conform to the recommendation of the minister that all should kneel, replied very emphatically, "Never a bit will I kneel. The Bible says, 'watch and pray'; and hoo can everybody watch on their knees, wi' their eyes steekit? Na, na; I'll just stand an glower about me, as I hae aye done."

—Nearly all the strikes in this country, and the disturbances occasioned thereby, are led by persons of foreign birth.

—Mr. Goldwin Smith is talked of for the presidency of the State University of Ohio.

—The council of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, has decided to receive certificates of professional education for the fellowship and membership of the college, from the Harvard Medical School and the Medical Schools of New York and Philadelphia.

—Teacher—"T-h-a-t spells what?" Bright Scholar—"Does it? I thought it spelt that!"

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Sept. 3, 1870.

GOLD.—\$1.141—1.142.
SILVER.—Superfine, \$6.25 to 6.00; extra, \$6.75 to 6.75; Michigan, \$6.75 to 7.75; St. Louis, \$7.50 to 10.00.
NEW CORN.—90c. to 1.00.
OATS.—50 to 60c.
RICE.—\$1.10.
WHEAT.—Timothy, Herd's Grass, \$4.50 to \$7.00; Red Top, \$3.75 to 4.00 per sack; R. I. Best, \$2 to 2.50 per bushel; Clover, 15 to 18c. per lb.
APPLES.—Per barrel, \$2.00 to 4.00.
PEARS.—\$12.00 to 22.00; Lady, 17c. to 18c.; Haws, 20 to 22c. per lb.
BUTTER.—\$3 to 3.50c. per lb.
CHEESE.—Factory, 11 to 14c.; Dairy, 7 to 12c.
HAMS.—23 to 24c. per dozen.
DRIED APPLES.—8 to 12c. per lb.
HAY.—\$17.00 to 25.00 per ton, per cargo; \$22.00 to 25.00, per ton, per car load.
POTATOES.—\$3.00 per barrel.
SWEET POTATOES.—\$6.00 per bbl.
BEANS.—Extra Paa, \$3.00; common, \$2.00 to 2.50.
LEMONS.—\$10.00 per box.
MARRON SQUASH.—\$3.50 per cwt.
ONIONS.—Onions, \$4.50 to 5.00 per barrel.
PEACHES.—\$2.50 to 3.00 per crate.
CARROTS.—\$4.00 per barrel.
BEETS.—\$1.25 per bushel.
TURNIPS.—\$2.00 per bushel.
CABBAGE.—\$10.00 to 25.00 per hundred.
CUCUMBERS.—\$3.00 to 4.00 per hundred.
TOMATOES.—\$1.00 per bushel.
WATERMELONS.—25c. to 35c. each.
MUSKELONS.—\$3.00 per barrel.
CANTALOPE.—\$4.00 per bbl.
REMARKS.—Seed—Timothy, Herd's Grass, 50 cents lower. Butter firm, 3 cents higher. Pork, dressed, \$1. Eggs, 1 cent higher. Tomatoes advanced 50 cents bushel—very plenty.

The Markets.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

For the week ending Wednesday, Aug. 31.

Weekly receipts of Cattle, Sheep and Swine, carefully prepared for the current week:—
Cattle, 3,192; Sheep and Lambs, 14,278; Swine, 2,700; number of Western Cattle, 1,240; Eastern Cattle, 1,952; Working Oxen and Northern Cattle, 550. Cattle left over from last week:—
Fat Cattle.—Extra, \$13.25 to \$14.00; first quality, \$12.25 to \$13.00; second quality, \$11.00 to \$12.00; third quality, \$10.25 to \$10.75; poorest grades, \$9.00 to \$9.00 per 100 pounds (the total weight of Hides, Tallow, and Dressed Beef).
Brighton Hides.—7c. per lb.
Brighton Tallow.—7c. per lb.
Brighton Skins.—8c. each.
Hides.—6c. per lb. for country.
Tallow.—6c. per lb. for country.
Lamb Skins.—50 to 75 cents each.
Wool Skins.—\$1.50 to \$2.00 per skin.
Sheep Skins.—50c. each.
Calf Skins.—16c. per lb.
Stores.—Yearlings, \$15 to 20; two year olds, \$25 to 45; three year olds, \$40 to 65 per head. Most of the small cattle that are in a fair condition are sold for beef. The trade for Stores has not been very active yet this season. There is a large supply in Market.
Working Oxen.—The trade for Working Oxen has been very fair, and there has been a good supply in Market. We quote sales at \$145, 155, 165, 175, 180, 200, 210, 225, 230, 180, 185 to 225 per pair.
Sheep and Lambs.—The supply in Market was large. Most of the Western and Eastern Sheep were commissioned, or taken to slaughter by the butchers. We quote Extra and select lots, \$4.00 to 4.50; ordinary lots, \$2.00 to 3.50 per head, or from 5 to 6 cents per pound.
Swine.—Store Pigs.—Wholesale, 11c. to 12c. per lb.; retail, 12c. to 14c. per lb. Spring Pigs, wholesale, 8c. to 9c. per lb.; retail, 10c. to 15c. per lb. Cows.—Store Cows.—8c. to 9c. per lb. Fat Hogs.—\$3.50 at Market. Pigs 10c. to 12c. per pound.
Milk Cows.—Extra, \$50 to \$115; ordinary, \$40 to \$50; Store Cows, \$35 to \$55 per head. Prices depend a great deal upon the fancy of the purchaser. Most of the Cows in Market are of a common grade. There are but a few Extra or Fancy Breeds of Cows brought into Market for sale.
REMARKS.—The supply of Cattle in Market this week was not so good in quality as those of last. The demand for good Cattle was very fair, and prices for the best grades were not much different from those of last week but upon the common grades prices have fallen off from one-quarter to one-half a cent per pound. There were but a few lots of Extra Cattle in Market. From Maine the supply was larger than it has been in any one week before for

a long time. There were some very good Cattle among them, which sold at our highest quotations. There were more Store Cattle in Market this week than has been before this season. The demand was not very active, many of them being small and poor. Among the Western Cattle were several hundred from Texas.

Business Letters Received to Sept. 3.
Merritt French; L. V. Groves, M. J. Graves, A. Howard; N. F. Rogers; Geo. Phelps, A. A. Presby.

Methodist Book Depository.

Money Letters received from Aug. 27 to Sept. 3.
M. Y. Applebee; L. H. Beale, D. E. Brundage, J. W. Dean, P. Burnham, J. C. Bush; N. L. Chase, R. F. Corson, Mrs. L. R. Crompton; T. J. Deavitt; H. F. Kimbrough; G. H. Foster; Haskell Bros.; C. N. Hinkley; G. J. Jos; A. T. Kent; J. W. Penny, Moses Patten; A. H. Russell; F. I. Stevens; G. J. Seaver, H. B. Stillman, W. Silverthorn; W. A. Tilton; A. A. Wright, J. T. Woods.
James P. Mages, Agent, 28 Bromfield St., Boston.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Aug. 29, by Rev. J. L. Hanford, Oliver B. Fish to Miss Emma Allen, both of Boston.
In this city, Sept. 1, by Rev. J. F. Collier, James Campbell, of West Roxbury, to Miss Estelle S. Gilmore, of Charlestown.
In Marion, Aug. 26, by Rev. J. B. Washburn, Nathan H. Jenney to Miss Mary D. Holmes, both of Marion, Mass.
In New Bedford, June 8, by Rev. J. E. Hawkins, Albert S. Andrews to Miss Jennie A. Richardson; June 15, Charles W. Shaw to Miss Alice E. Dimes; June 19, Thomas Breabell to Miss Elizabeth Slater; June 19, Charles H. Sherman to Miss Eliza V. Sherman; July 1, Samuel H. Small, of Barnstable, to Miss Nellie L. Hathaway, of New Bedford; Aug. 25, Rev. Ernest Spaulding, of Worcester, to Mrs. Maria H. Griggs, of New Bedford.
At the M. E. Parsonage in North Manchester, Ct., by Rev. George E. Fuller, Gardner D. Bosworth to Miss Emma J. Waldron, all of Manchester, Ct.
In Fitchburg, Aug. 21, by Rev. C. B. Bunn, Frederick C. Moody, of Augusta, Me., to Miss Sophia H. Page, of Chelsea, Me.
In Claremont, N. H., Sept. 1, at the house of the bride's father, by Rev. H. L. Kelley, Francis F. Haskell, chorister, to Miss C. Maria Smith, organist in the M. E. Church, both of Claremont.
On the top of the Monadnock Mountain, Aug. 27, by Rev. I. Taggart, Edward W. Chapman to Sarah G. James, all of New Ipswich, N. H.
In Bristol, N. H., Aug. 28, by Rev. A. E. Drew, Hiram Worthly to Miss Sarah G. Leavitt, both of Bristol.
In Hill, N. H., Aug. 27, by Rev. A. E. Drew, Aaron Kidder to Miss Rhoda Tucker, both of Hill.

Deaths.

In Somerville, Aug. 2, Willard Williston and Hester Mabel, aged 10 months and 1 day. Also, Aug. 11, Martha Hest, aged 10 months and 10 days, all children of Thomas and Mary Vickers. What a victory to the mother's love! How broken the family below! But what treasure they are to own in the world above! "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." J. W. H.
In Hingham, Aug. 25, Mrs. Abigail A. Tower, aged 54 years and 4 months.

Church Registers.

RECORDS CALENDAR

Kearse Camp meeting, Wilmet, N. H., Sept. 12.
Ministerial Association of St. Albans, Waterbury Centre, Oct. 4.
Orient Ministerial Association, Jacksonville, Oct. 3.
White Mountain Camp meeting, Stark, N. H., Sept. 12.
Rockland District Ministerial Association, Thomaston, Oct. 3.
Portland District Ministerial Association, Gorham, Oct. 10.
Fryeburg Camp meeting, Sept. 12.
Penobscot Valley Ministerial Association, Winterport, Oct. 3.

DEDICATION AT BATH, ME.—The new edifice of the "Western Methodist Episcopal Church" of Bath, Me., will be dedicated to the service of Almighty God, on Wednesday, the fourteenth day of September, instant, at 10 o'clock A. M. Sermon by Rev. H. W. Warren, of Trinity M. E. Church, Charlestown, Mass.

By vote of the Official Board, an invitation is cordially extended to all former pastors of "Old Wesley" to be present and participate in the interesting exercises of the occasion.

All other pastors and brethren, interested in the success of our cause, are also respectfully invited to be present.
In the evening, Rev. Mr. Warren will repeat at the Church, in aid of the enterprise, his popular and deeply interesting lecture, entitled "THE FLOOD IN A SUB-SEAN." W. S. Jones, Pastor.
Bath, Sept. 3, 1879.

FALL RIVER DISTRICT CONVENTION.—Pursuant to the recommendation of the annual meeting of District Stewards, a District Convention, composed of the Pastor and three delegates from each church in Fall River, District Conference, will be held in the First Church, Taunton, Oct. 12 and 13, 1879, beginning at 10 o'clock A. M. The following is the programme of exercises:—

Wednesday A. M. Devotional Services and Organization.
Basis:—"The Best Methods of Promoting Revival."
J. H. James, Wednesday P. M., Essay: "Ought the Church to Authorize Women to Preach the Gospel, and to Administer the Sacraments?"—William Liversey; Essay: "The Requisite Qualifications for a Successful S. S. Teacher?"—Geo. F. Givitt, Richard H. Smith; Evening, Sunday-school Meeting. Services to be arranged by the Pastor and S. S. Superintendent.
Thursday A. M., 9 o'clock, Prayer Meeting; 9 o'clock, Essay:—"In what way can we best employ the Lay-talent of the Church in the work of Home Evangelization?"—F. J. Wagner, A. A. Wright; Essay:—"What is the Best Method of Promoting the Financial Interests of the Church?"—S. Stanley, J. D. Flint.
P. M. Missionary Meeting, Addresser, R. J. Hayes, of Hallow.

All essays are to be limited to fifteen minutes.
All interested are requested to rally to this meeting, and make this our Fair of the Convention, a success.
B. C. Brown, for the Committee.
August 20, 1879.

There will be a Grove-meeting in Whiting, Me., Sept. 12, to continue till Saturday morning, in a grove near Indian Lake, not far from the stage road. We expect a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost, and invite ministers and people to come and share it. Ministers, their families, and horses, will be kept free of expense. Would the Lord a hundred such meetings may be held in Maine this year.

Hodgdon and East Machias Camp-meetings were very successful in the salvation of sinners, and the sanctification of believers. Glory to God.
East Machias, Aug. 29, 1879.

PRESIDING ELDERS' CONFERENCE.—The third Annual Conference of the Presiding Elders of New England will be held at the Wesleyan Association Building, Bromfield Street, Boston, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 25 and 26, commencing on Tuesday, at 10 o'clock A. M. Essays will be presented on themes heretofore assigned by letters to the brethren. M. J. Talbot, Secretary.

PROVIDENCE DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.—The next meeting will be held at Mystic Bridge, Oct. 10, 11, 12. For Programme, see Herald for Aug. 18. All the Pastors of the District are specially requested to be present. A Committee will attend to the matter of cheap fares. M. J. Talbot, P. E.

DEDICATION AT GARDNER.—The new Methodist Chapel in Gardner, Mass., will be dedicated to the service of God, Wednesday, Sept. 14. Sermon at 2 P. M., by Rev. A. McKee, of Worcester.

The Church in Gardner is only seventeen months old; young and feeble, but healthy and growing. A beautiful piece of land has been donated to the society by Mr. Graham, a good Congregational brother, and only five months ago the first move was made for building a chapel. The brethren have struggled hard and nobly, and with the aid simply of their own hands and homes, have succeeded wonderfully. And those of our friends abroad, whether of the ministry or laity, who may attend the dedication, we think will be convinced that a better opportunity was never afforded than for laying up a little treasure in heaven. And let our good sisters, the widows even, remember what the Lord said when he saw the rich men giving of their abundance.

Young as our society is, it contributed last year fourteen dollars towards building a large church in the city. And now, though we don't intend to go begging abroad, yet, if the Lord should feel interested enough in us to move any of our city or country friends to help as a little, we will bless His name for it. Under such circumstances, of course we cannot promise to inscribe your name on the columns, or paint your likeness on the walls, but we will tell Jesus about it, and that will, perhaps, do just as well. Now please don't forget the time, Sept. 14, and don't forget to come.
Cars arrive from the East at 2, and return at 4.30.
Sept. 1, 21. W. M. Hubbard, Pastor.

Business Notices.

The Dighton Furnace Co. have an advertisement of their new and popular Furnace, "THE WEBSTER HOT AIR" to which we invite especial attention. This Furnace is very much liked wherever used.
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